

Volume 48, Number 1, 1996

Snarf snarf

Enjoy Beer
Enjoy Spring

Enjoy PUFF

UNI BAR

thanks for
MAG 1222

unibar



UNLESS STATED "ALL AGES", SHOWS
ARE FOR OVER 18'S AND I.D MUST BE SHOWN

SAT 05 OCT

**POD PEOPLE + COD PEACE +
SHIFTER + FOREHEAD**

TUE 08 OCT TICKETS ON SALE "ALL AGES SHOW"

EVERCLEAR

THU 10 OCT TICKETS ON SALE

WEEZER
CUSTARD + THE FAUVES

FRI 11 OCT

ALCHEMIST
+ DISCORDIA

SAT 12 OCT TICKETS ON SALE

THE JESUS LIZARD
+ RECAIN + MIDGET

WED 16 OCT

B & G KEG NIGHT

THU 17 OCT TICKETS ON SALE

TUMBLEWEED
MAGIC DIRT + MUDDLINGS

FRI 18 OCT

PUCKERLIPS COW

SAT 19 OCT

THE JAMES VALENTINE QUARTET

THU 24 OCT WITH NAKED SOUL

JAZZ N JUGS

SAT 26 OCT

DOMINGO

WED 30 OCT TICKETS ON SALE NOW

POWDERFINGER
POLLYANNA

FRI 01 NOV OKTOBERFEST

**THE PORKERS + MR BLOND +
LOIN GROIN + GRUUV +
FUNKY, ACID, AFRO, LOUNGE**

ANU:
FREE

SAT 02 NOV AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

**LIQUID + SWIM + PLAN B
+ HENRY'S ANGER + ENTROPY**

THU 7 NOV

AMMONIA
+ JEBEDIAH
+ BIG HEAVY STUFF

FRI 15 NOV

SUPERCHUNK
+ SMUDGE
TICKETS ON SALE 14.10.96

ANU Union concelline: 249 2546



**FUN·FOOD·DRINK
FOR ALL!**

anu: free

fri 1 nov 96

the porkers

mr blond

loin groin

gruuve

funky, acid,

afro, lounge

doors open 4:30pm

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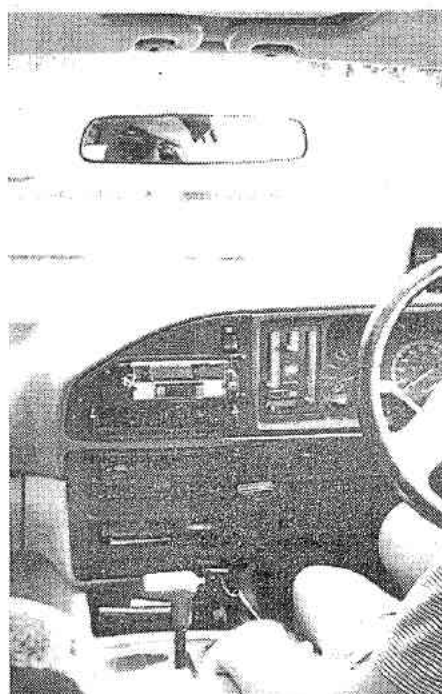
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4 letters

Hear what the campus commentators have to say about our very own election frauds; it's time for the stocks and rotten tomatoes!

6 news

All the gory details on the University Games; the score so far: Beer: 1, Liver: 0, Australian Federal Police: 64



features

8 Taxi Driver — Tales From the Driver's Seat

We have all, at one or another time, been totally incompetent drunk in a taxi, some of us have tried to engage the driver in discussions on Nietzsche, others have spewed up on the newly-cleaned carpet, but none of us have probably thought about what it's like in the driver's seat. Courtesy of The Other Side, Woroni brings you tales from the Driver's Seat ...



Meet El Presidente 1997 - Matt Tinning.

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with a special feature on the loads of goodies in store for you during the National Festival of Theatre, being held right here in Canberra!

Plus, read about Rats in the Ranks, Malibu Shores, and the latest album from REM (to name a few).

26 Behind the Face



Letters

uvwxyzabcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzabcdefghijklmnopqrstu

Wadgate: your say

Dear Madam,

I was appalled to hear of the allegations regarding the Labor ticket's stuffing of ballot boxes in the Students Association elections.

It concerns me that these Labor students will be the next generation of Labor politicians. Can we expect such unethical behaviour at a Federal level in years to come? If these people are not properly disciplined by the Labor Party itself, then surely the ALP is sending a message, loud and clear, that it endorses such actions.

"That's why I gave my first preference to The Family, a ticket that was at least honest in its dishonesty"

I've always felt that ethics was a secondary concern to most politicians. The disgraceful behaviour of these Labor students merely confirms this belief.

That's why I gave my first preference to The Family, a ticket that was at least honest in its dishonesty. In hindsight, I expect one could be excused for thinking the Labor ticket adopted much of The Family's policies; only Labor wasn't joking about the "Frequent Voter" Scheme.

Yours in disgust,

John Wilson

Dear Editor,

I feel that I have to apologise to the General Student Body, for it is a disgrace to have run on a ticket which has been accused of the 'Wads Incident' in the SA Elections last term.

"it is a disgrace to have run on a ticket which has been accused of the 'Wads Incident' in the SA Elections last term"

It's a pity that it happened and I hope William Mackerras would take actions against the culprits.

In the end I am sorry to be associated with the group accused but I believe that the RAGE ticket as a whole was not involved. I am in RAGE so are other innocent candidates on the ticket.

Yours,

Qasim Zaidi.

Dear Ed,

They maintained the Rage. First they appointed their people as officials.

Then they appointed their people as candidates.

Then they appointed 146 invisible voters.

They even tried to appoint the winner.

They maintained the Rage with incompetent appointments.

Ima Poit

Dear Editor,

Few people are so worthy of our condemnation as whichever members of the Rage ticket conspired to rig our Association elections. Yet the student

politicians of this campus ought to be wary about seizing moral high ground they have no right to occupy. Until such time as they realise that there is a clear distinction between persuading people to vote with argument and enticing them with material reward (such as free beer), and that as such we have a concept of bribery, they should not comment. Neither should they comment until they realise that they alone have the power to break the vicious circle in which politicians say to themselves "the other side tells lies, therefore we need to tell lies to stop them winning" and also "the voters never believe us, so let's lie" (while voters respond "the politicians always lie, so let's disbelieve them").

"by holding up Rage as our exemplar of immorality we are far less inclined to take seriously our own ethical breaches"

They should recognise that it is unethical to promise to do something that has already been done, or failing that, to take credit for what has been done by others. They should realise that the other side removing your leaflets does not justify your doing it too.

There were two tragedies in the vote-rigging affair. The first is obvious — the vote-rigging itself. The second is that by holding up Rage as our exemplar of immorality we are far less inclined to take seriously our own ethical breaches.

Patrick Mackerras

Dear Editor,

They say that an imaginary friend can be a great solace to a lonely soul. I hope that Daniel Jenkin's 146 imaginary friends will show the same solidarity in standing by him now in this time of adversity, that they did when they voted for him.

Yours in hope,

Heidi Zwar

Law Soc. President responds...

Dear Ed,

Thank You Siobhan McDonnell for your letter (Woroni August 1996). The 'poem' in question was a parody of a Marilyn Monroe song (which itself was probably a parody) and was written in a private capacity rather than as part of my

"I do not believe that the stereotypes or activities described in the song do in fact exist or occur"

duties as President of the Law Students' society. I do not believe that the stereotypes or activities described in the song do in fact exist or occur. I am sad that some students took exception to it when printed in Peppercorn. The Law Students' Society has worked exceptionally hard this year to become an open and accessible Society and forum for students and their concerns. As part of this process we have maintained a firm commitment to women's issues and will

continue to do so.

Yours Sincerely

Fleur Just.

Header Culprit speaks out

The Editor,
just thought I'd mention an incident that took place at the Uni Bar around May when the Perth band *Header* took the stage (CD out now from all good CD stores). They're a neat, young outfit with the look and sound that appeal - to some. For one reason or another, some clown jumped up on stage and in a few seconds kick over both microphone stands, a carefully placed "Rickenbacker" guitar and having made it past these barriers, strove to destroy the "Marchall Stack". That's it, the show's over, the culprit wrestled off to a back room and the lead guitarist is in tears. Total damage:- \$475.00.

That culprit was me. Life ban from the Uni Bar, the night in a holding cell to be charged with assault and willful destruction of property to be heard before a magistrate.

Now, why did I do it? Just a thought, suicide in Australia in young men has skyrocketed and they don't give a damn.

Paul O'Connor

Write to us!

Feeling pissed off, angst-ridden, self-righteous or just verbose? Write a letter. All letters received by 5pm Thursday prior to publication will be published (if they are less than 250 words). Deliver to:

Woroni c/ ANU Students' Association by hand, or e-mail us at woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au

Request for Penpals

Dear Sir/madam

I am very delighted to write to you this letter. I hope by the grace of almighty God you are healed and healthy as I am over here. I am a Ghanaian student and I am interested in corresponding with other people in other countries. I hope my application will meet your kindly consideration. Anybody can write to me. I want to hear from males and females. I need more friends. Please tell them anyone who will like to write to me should try as much as possible to send me his photograph or picture.

Name: Michail Shiress-Brayce
Address: Abura Ahmadiyya JSS

PO Box 58

Cape Coast

GHANA

Age: 15

Sex: Male

Occupation: student

Hobbies: going to church, reading the bible, writing to penpals, listening to gospel music

Apologies

Woroni would like to humbly apologise to the following people for fucking up their election statements in the edition 8 Election Feature: Natalie Zirngast (who is not with the SWSC) Arthur Gretton John Austin Phillip Allen

Housing Online

Need a place to live?

Accommodation information and a listing of properties and rooms available on the private rental market is now on the Internet through the CIS Home Page.

URL: <http://cis.anu.edu.au/Housing/housing.html>

For more information contact the Housing Referral Service Officer on 243 3100 or 018 623 860.

This service is brought to you by the ANU Housing Office.

The *last chance* to advertise in *Woroni* in 1996 draws ever nigh. Deadline is *Tuesday 15 October*. Call 248 7127 for details of how advertising in *Woroni* can be sexy and fun, and boost sales as well.

Car for Sale

Datsun 1200. 1973 model. Rego till January 1997. \$800 o.n.o. Call Naomi on 249 1930.

BERMUDA



DJ'S-BANDS-MYSTERIOUS
HAPPENINGS



KATHMANDU

NEW STORE OPENING GRAND OPENING SALE!

STARTS SATURDAY, 12th OCTOBER, 9:00 a.m.

Students join the Summit Club for "free" and receive 20% off
non-sale items on Sat 12th and Sun 13th October.*

† Boots up to 50% off

† Sleeping bags up to 40% off

† Beal ropes 30% off

† Karabiners \$6.95

and much more...

† Packs up to 50% off

† Tents up to 50% off

† Boreal climbing boots up to 50% off

† Wild Country harnesses up to 50% off

20 Allara St, ph. 257 5926, opposite Capital Parkroyal

† Limited quantities only. * Discount applies to Summit Club members only.

Differential Hecs — unfair says ALSA

The Council of the Australasian Law Students' Association convened in Brisbane last week to discuss the federal Budget cuts to Higher Education and the proposed changes to the HECS system.

The ALSA Council resolved to completely reject the concept of differential HECS, and to actively pursue a unified campaign across Australia against the proposed HECS changes. This campaign will involve a series of press releases by all 37 member law students' societies and a national petition which will be tabled in Parliament prior to the Education Budget reaching the Senate.

Mr Emanuel Gaganis, ALSA President, said: "The differential HECS system is inherently inequitable in that it exacerbates existing disadvantages confronting many students. The majority of law students already face a significant financial burden because they are required to pay considerable amounts for their practical legal training."

Following the recent rise in the fee for Legal Workshop to \$6,925 many students feel it is particularly important that ANU law students join in the fight against the introduction of differential HECS.

ANU students can assist the campaign by signing the ALSA petition, available outside the Front Office at the Law School and at the Students' Association until Friday 18 October.

For more information about the national campaign and the campaign on the local front contact the ANU Law Students' Society on 249 0687.

GSF to stay at \$180

The ANU Finance Committee has agreed to recommend to Council that the GSF be \$180 in 1997.

Should Council accept the recommendation, it will be the third successive year in which the GSF has not been increased.

The ANU Students' Association will receive an extra \$100,000 from the GSF, the majority of which will go to Clubs and Societies. The Sports Union's share will go up by \$20,000.

These increases will be paid for by a reduction in the capital development component of the fee.

William Mackerras, President of the Students' Association, hopes that Council will accept the recommendation at its October 11 meeting "It's great that students will get more services without having to pay more for it".

Wadgate: the ANU Scandal of the 90s

The 1996 Students' Association Elections have ended in controversy, with allegations of 'ballot-box stuffing' being made against the Rage ticket. This has led to the resignation of the current SA treasurer, Mr Daniel Jenkins, who was the "Rage" candidate for President of the Association.

Ballot papers appear to have been stolen during the course of the election and put into the ballot box in several instalments over the four days of polling. The report of the returning officer, Registrar Mr Bob Arthur, states that "on opening the two ballot boxes in which the voting papers for the position of President were deposited, my assistants and the scrutineers observed four discrete bundles of voting papers, which were easily identifiable among individually deposited papers, by the manner in which they were folded together. On close inspection, all of these papers recorded a first preference vote for the same candidate [ie Mr Jenkins]".

Mr Jenkins has publicly denied any involvement with the wads of ballot papers.

The wads totalled 146 votes, but the count was such that inclusion of these votes made no difference to the outcome.

Election officers were alerted to the possibility of finding the wads in the ballot boxes during the last afternoon of polling. A complaint was made to the current Presi-

dent, Mr William Mackerras, and the Administrator, Ms Karen Hagan, that a member of the Rage ticket had been seen inserting multiple presidential ballot papers in the box. The Returning Officer's report notes that the subsequent discovery of wads appeared to substantiate this complaint.

Mr Mackerras is currently conducting investigations into the affair. He is confident that two polling officers were involved, as two signatures only appeared on the votes in the wads. In addition, the number of votes actually cast for the position of general secretary was significantly less than the number of people who registered to vote. Mr Mackerras suspects that two polling officers deliberately withheld general secretary ballot papers from voters who, by virtue of holding "Counterattack" leaflets, seemed likely to vote against "Rage". He has said that if his suspicions are confirmed, offending polling officers will not be paid. The five polling officers, themselves students, were chosen by Mr Jenkins in his role as SA treasurer.

Mr Mackerras has been unable to ascertain which members of the Rage ticket were involved.

A formal complaint under the Association constitution has been submitted. On the 17th of October a general meeting of the Association will elect a committee to inquire into the matter.

S.A. Election Results

Successful candidate(s)
(in order of election)

President
Matt Tinning

General Secretary
Harry Greenwell

Treasurer
Amanda Frost-Drury

Editor(s) of Woroni
"G-Force"—
Mathew Darke
Corin Throsby
Stephen Rebikoff

SRC Representatives:
General Representatives
Paul Clarke
Beth Driscoll
Kelvin Watt
Patrick Mackerras
Martin Iltis
Ben Reese
Julie Quine
Haidi Willmot
Margaret Kilcullen
Andrew Vance

Arts Representatives
Jessica Wyndham
Jason Ives
Jason Cebalo

Science Representatives
Fred Ford
Jasmine Lee

Eco/Com Representatives
John Austin
Vilaysinh Manyoun

Engineering and Info-tech Rep
Arthur Gretton

Law Representative
Gloria Wong

Asian Studies Rep
Sophia Cason

Part time Rep to SRC
Craig Cork



Matt Tinning - S.A. President for 1997

Law Honours Under Review ...Again

The method by which the award of honours in law is calculated at the ANU looks likely to be overhauled for the second time in three years. The October meeting of Faculty will consider a controversial proposal from Sub-Dean John McMillan which seeks to amend the honours formula in two ways: by converting both course-work and thesis marks to a "Grade Point Average" system, and by halving the number of unit results which may be discarded from honours calculations. The course-work and thesis components would continue to be weighted at 70% and 30% respectively.

Student representatives have been fighting against the proposed changes for the past four months. Law Students' Society Education Vice President, Ms Geraldine Chin, will continue this opposition at Friday's faculty meeting: "Students are angry at what they perceive to be faculty's willingness to retrospectively amend honours requirements without strong reasons for doing so. The last set of honours changes came into effect just last year, and few reasons have been advanced as to why further revisions are required so rapidly". Ms Chin is also concerned about the impact changes will have upon the number of law graduates who are awarded honours.

The discussion paper prepared by the Sub-Dean cites the introduction last year of a new university-wide marking scale, concerns as to the consistency of marking standards applied to Research Papers, administrative efficiency, and the safeguarding of the integrity of the ANU law degree as reasons for change.

When candidates appoint officials

Improper electoral practices come in many guises. Some shonky behaviour will constitute a strict breach of the rules, and therefore be ruled as officially "corrupt". Yet other actions, even more immoral, can skirt on the inside of the law and escape unchallenged.

The recent Student's Association election was a classic instance of some pretty smelly behaviour which was not strictly against the rules. Most concerning was the appointment of officials who run the polls. Under the SA's electoral rules (section 6), it is the University Registrar who appoints assistants to help run the election. The Registrar hand-picked three University bureaucrats, but also sought several students to assist. Although the Registrar presumably ratified these student appointments, he did not exercise original discretion in their selection.



Comment
by Horse

Prior to the election, the Labor President of the Students' Association, William Mackerras, asked the Labor Treasurer, Daniel Jenkins, to hand-pick several students who would act as officials. The most inappropriate feature of this arrangement was that Jenkins was to subsequently nominate as the Labor candidate for President in these elections. Thus the main partisan candidate was picking the apparently impartial officials! Although Mackerras told Jenkins to ask each ticket of candidates whether they approved of all these appointments, Jenkins only asked some of the tickets about some of his appointees. The students appointed were Fuad Ahmad, Sean Harrington, Matthew Reader,

Agnes Agama and Belinda Craven.

Furthermore, when the votes were counted after the election, the Returning officer was officially assisted by both Mackerras (the outgoing Labor SA President) and Yvette Martin (the current President of the ANU Labor Club). All the appointments mentioned in this article are exposed by the Registrar in his Returning Officer's report.

It is a bizarre election where every student official was either a senior Labor student activist or an appointee of one. It is a fragile institution that allows its democratic processes to be so easily captured and controlled by a single vested interest.

SPORT

Blood, Sweat and Beers

by Michael Cook



The 1996 Australian University Games, held from September 29 through October 4, was highlighted by controversial incidents, widespread drunkenness, and outstanding results for the ANU team. The event, jointly hosted in the A.C.T. by the ANU and University of Canberra, attracted competitors from 60 Universities throughout Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa - as well as teams from the United States and Singapore.

The ANU team revelled in the University Games' highly competitive atmosphere. Members produced remarkable performances, defeating highly fancied (and occasionally professional) opponents.



Intimate physical contact occurred both on and off the Court

Medal Tally (last updated 4/10/96)

University	Gold	Silver	Bronze	Total
1 Sydney Uni	12	17	17	46
2 Uni of NSW	11	9	11	31
3 Uni of Queensland	7	4	3	14
4 Uni of Canberra	7	3	3	13
5 Macquarie Uni	5	2	0	7
6 ANU	5	1	1	7
7 Griffith Uni - Gold Coast	5	1	1	7
8 Australian College of Physical Ed	3	1	1	5
9 Swinburne Uni of Tech	3	0	0	3
10 Monash Uni - Caulfield/Peninsula	2	1	1	4
11 Wollongong Uni	2	1	1	4
12 Deakin Uni - Geelong	2	1	0	3
13 Australian Catholic Uni - QLD	2	0	0	2
14 Griffith Uni	1	2	1	4
15 RMIT - City	1	1	2	4
16 Uni of South Australia	1	1	1	3
17 James Cook Uni	1	1	0	2
18 Victoria Uni	1	1	0	2
19 Uni of New England	1	0	1	2
20 Bond Uni	1	0	1	2
21 Southern Cross Uni	1	0	1	2
22 Uni of Technology - Syd.	0	6	2	8
23 Uni of Newcastle	0	3	1	4
24 Deakin Uni - Burwood	0	3	0	3
25 Uni of Ballarat	0	2	4	6
26 Uni of Southern Queensland	0	2	1	3
27 Uni of Western Sydney	0	2	0	2
28 Uni of Melbourne	0	1	3	4
29 Monash Uni - Clayton	0	1	3	4
30 ADFA	0	1	1	2
31 Adelaide Uni	0	1	1	2
32 Otago Uni - NZ	0	1	1	2
33 RMIT - Northern	0	1	1	2
34 Uni of Western Australia	0	1	1	2
35 Uni of Waikato NZ	0	1	0	1
36 Australian Catholic Uni - NSW	0	0	2	2
37 Queensland Uniof Tech	0	0	2	2
38 Charles Sturt Uni - Mitchell	0	0	1	1
39 Uni of Western Sydney - Nepean	0	0	1	1

In the Men's 100m final, the pinnacle of the Athletics meet, ANU student Patrick Johnson blitzed the field to win in 10.47 seconds - unofficially placing him in the top 15 runners in Australia. Johnson's success surprised everybody, as he only decided to compete in the University Games a couple of months ago and did not have a full-time coach or strict training regimen.

Garth Livermore, ANU team manager, who 'sort of coached' Johnson after identifying his 'raw talent', outlined the relaxed way Johnson prepared for the Games: "I helped him out in the gym every now and then, and sometimes we'd do a track session at the AIS."

Other members of ANU Athletics squad also produced outstanding results. Nicole Myszka snared the gold medal in the women's shotput with 13.69m - two metres further than her nearest opponent. She also won the hammer throw, and claimed silver in the discus. Grant Edwards convincingly won the men's hammer throw with 51m - the second-place getter, from ADFA, could only manage 35.26 metres. Melanie Bradley strode away in the women's 800m final to claim the gold medal, with the margin to second place over five seconds.

The ANU also featured prominently in team sports. The men's Australian Rules and women's soccer teams both performed above expectations, with both teams making the finals. The Aussie Rules team won silver, as did the women's soccer team in what was a very close result.

The men's waterpolo team displayed incredible feats of endurance and strength to deservedly win the gold medal, after remaining undefeated throughout the preliminary rounds. During the week, team members often took their slogan - "Fight like a bear and drink like a fish" - too seriously, directly leading to one ANU team member vomiting in the pool drains during a match. However, the team courageously battled the opposition, and alcohol poisoning, to beat Monash University 12-4 in the final.

Ben Tiffen, an integral part of

the team, labelled the win 'exhilarating', whilst Hiroshi Kovayassi concisely detailed his emotional response: "Fantastic. I like water polo." Outstanding contributions to the team's success were made by Rodd Messent in goal, Craig Miller, Trent Burkett, and Dylan Lees. After the one-sided final, Adrian Lynch spoke for the team when he declared "I thought it was a bit disappointing Monash didn't put up more of a fight. It doesn't really matter though - we won, and we're gonna hit the piss tonight!"

Every night of the University Games, thousands of competitors streamed into Civic night-spots to unwind after a hard day of participating or cheering. This inevitably led to confrontations with police. By the official close of the Games, 64 University Games participants had been detained for drunk and disorderly behaviour - four times as many arrests as occurred during the 1995 Games. All were held in cells underneath Civic police station until sober.

This 'excessively rowdy' behaviour provoked police to double the number of street patrols in Civic after the Closing Ceremony. An AFP spokesman warned that "If you decide to go out and party, we will try and curtail your behaviour", and deemed unacceptable the crimes committed throughout the week - which ranged from 'unlawful urination in a public area' to 'indecent exposure'. University Games Chairman, Philip Selth, acknowledged that "some of the students have drunk too much", and thanked the police for their help.

With over 6,000 competitors participating in 21 different sports during the Games - making it a bigger logistical exercise than the Commonwealth Games - it was inevitable that controversy would arise. In one example, several female baseballers were excluded from playing by organisers, on the basis that it was a 'men's only' competition.

One female competitor af-

Mens waterpolo team rejoices after yet another win



ected by the ruling, who did not want to be identified, believed the decision was baseless and discriminatory. "We tried out for the team in exactly the same way as the guys, and we were selected purely on merit. Now they won't let us play because we don't have penises. It strikes me as being a little unfair." The decision was hastily repealed after widespread condemnation.

Atrocious weather during the first two days of full competition forced the postponement of almost all outdoor sports, and led to confusion amongst participants. Softball, touch football, tennis, cycling, baseball, and soccer were all affected - only Australian Rules braved the mud, wind and rain in an effort to keep on schedule. This led to several unintentional forfeits within the competitions concerned, as changes to playing times were sometimes not announced to the teams involved. Sport manager Danny Matthews dismissed the complaints, stating the teams involved were responsible for checking for any changes.

Despite all the confusion and controversy, awful weather and drunken participants, the 1996 Australian University Games produced excellent competition, deserving winners, record-breaking results and gutsy efforts. Throughout the Games the Australian National University performed successfully, both as a team and a host, at one of the nation's biggest sporting events.

Patrick Johnson takes out the 100m in 10.47 seconds.



TAXI



As most of us have at sometime been so shit-faced that we needed to pay for a lift home, the cab ride is an experience that has become buried in the collective conscious. But while we know how it feels to be taxied, not many have even considered the plight of the taxee. Who is this person, why do they do this, what do they get out of it and how can they find their way through all these damned roundabouts? If you have even the slightest interest in the peculiar aspect of the human condition that is being a cabbie read on as *The Other Side* investigates the other side of taxi driving.

... Unconsciousness. Blackness.

No time. No pain. Ripped away by that harsh alarm—beep beep beep... beep beep beep—it's going to keep doing that; shrill, piercing, spearing into my head like migraine contractions until I stop it. Reach out. Damn—over the other side of the room. I know myself well. If I don't have to get out of bed to turn it off there's no way I'll get up. Time to be cool. The sort of thing I want to do, to show off, when I'm actually sleeping next to someone to show it off to bring those long legs up into a foetal position, push off with the right arm and just fall off the bed landing in an alert wrestler's crouch—shit, over-balanced—OWWW! Bloody chair! The headache's a lot worse now. At least the alarm's off...

And where exactly does a description of getting up with a hangover belong in an article about taxi-driving you might well ask. Believe it or not there is a legitimate answer—

a vicious hangover, managed correctly, is the best preparation for 16 hours in a taxi on a Saturday night.

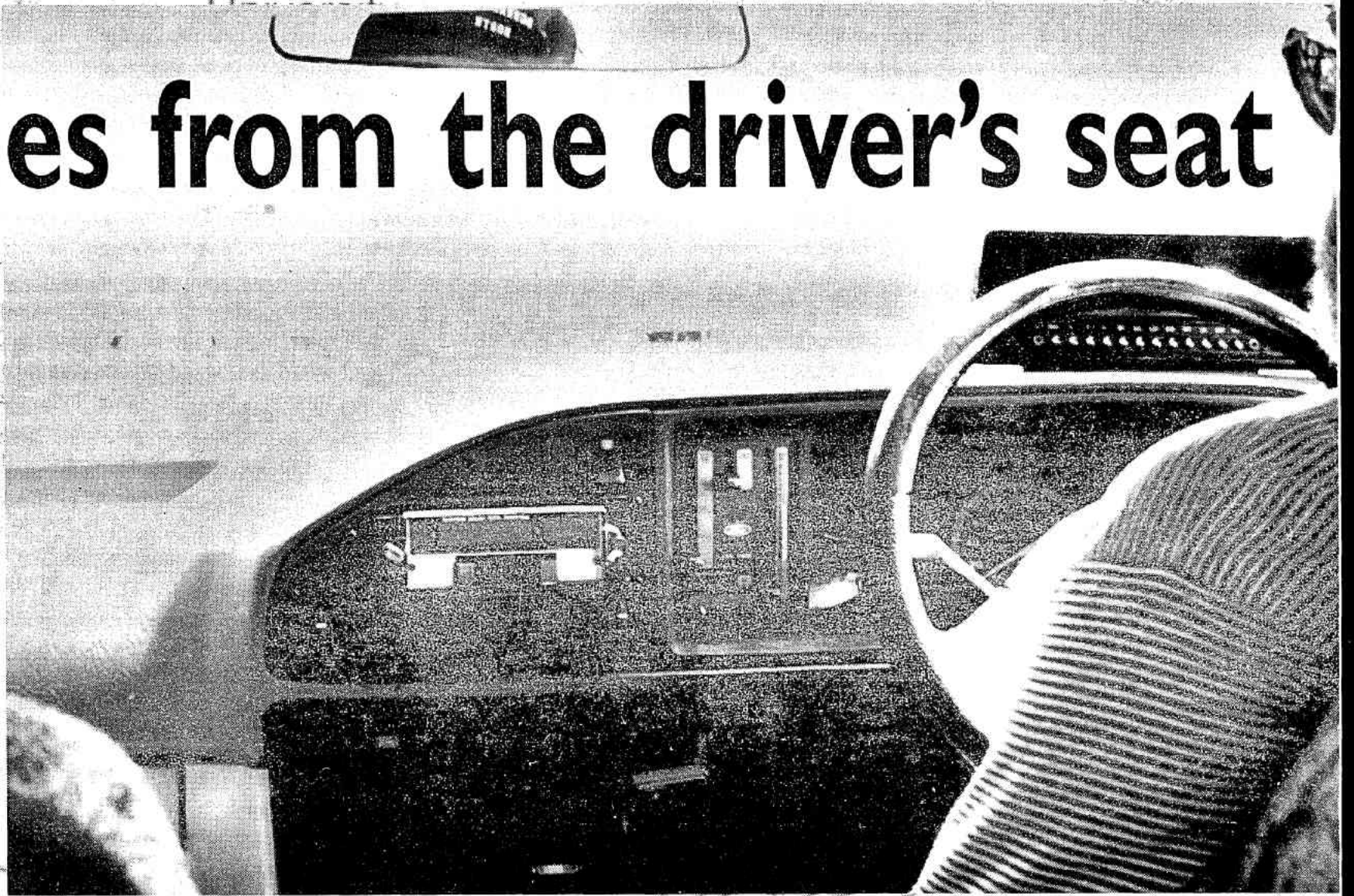
Hmmm, now where's the link there? Well, years of exhaustive study led me to the conclusion that there are two distinct and immutable phases to my hangovers—there is the Bear, a hungry beast with a sore head who feels hateful toward everything, and then there is the Mellow Clown which the Bear becomes once his hunger has been sated and his headache cured. The Mellow Clown is a relaxed, accepting individual who looks forward to being around people and, if encouraged, performing for them. That is definitely the way to approach a taxi shift, and especially one that will involve dealing predominantly with inebriated people. To those stricken by sobriety the antics of drunks are invariably childish, frustrating and utterly annoying, but the Clown is so relaxed and has such positive partial memories of his own antics the previous

evening that none of it really matters. Thus, to banish the Bear and awaken the Clown I always rise a couple of hours prior to a shift and feast heavily on Anything In The Fridge accompanied by guzzled gallons of arctic water.

Having well and truly slipped into the persona of the Mellow Clown the time comes to drive to work. Unlike just about any other job though, work can begin anywhere in Canberra and indeed many full-time drivers 'change-over', that is meet the taxi they are to drive for a particular shift, at up to six different locations each week, sometimes at opposite ends of town. That was certainly the case during my stint of full-time driving. However as a part-timer driving only two shifts a week, I always drive the same car which, thankfully, lives just down the road and takes me two minutes to reach. It is almost always waiting for me when I arrive to collect it, and when late the other driver is *always* profusely apologetic and somewhat embarrassed. There are a

DRIVER

Tales from the driver's seat



number of sacred yet unwritten protocols learned by all taxi drivers in their first weeks of driving, and one of the most important is "don't be late for change-over". Your tardiness is cash out of the other guy's hand, simple as that. You will find that all such rules involve money in some way - it would be pleasant to believe that the protocols of taxi-driving evolved as honour for the sake of honour like Bushido or chivalry, but it would also be naive. You don't drive a taxi for honour—you drive it for moolah. Another of the inviolate laws of being a cabbie is to take cab driving and other cabbies seriously lest you give the industry a dodgy name and reduce 'the take'. Well, either 'inviolate' is a relative term or I am soon to be immersed deep in a foul-smelling mud-like substance.

If David Attenborough were to make a documentary focusing on the peculiar habits of the cabbie, the variety of paraphernalia dragged by various cabbies into their nests for

each shift would consume at least half of the program. Essential to every cabbie is the change-holding device. The standard device is a plastic and metal container moulded into cylinders of various sizes to accommodate each denomination of coin and spring loaded for accessibility. However, variations of the device include waist-mounted bum-bags, under-steering-wheel-hanging-and-invariably-suspiciously-stained leather satchels, shirt top pockets, and ash trays, door handles and other car-bound nooks and crooks.

Next is driving apparel. Some drivers like to be unconstricted, favouring short-sleeved polo necks and loose slacks, while others favour bulk, for protection from passengers, which comes in the form of all manner of jumpers, jackets and even hats. The guy who wears the chain-mail suit is paranoid and should be ignored. The driver Dress Code published by the Co-operative reads much like that of a golf club, leading to some humorous results in the



warmer months—most notably the shorts, knee-high-socks and sandals brigade... a very appealing look. Irrespective of the Dress Code, the fact is that I have seen people wearing just about everything from sneakers (much frowned upon!) to three piece suits, sun-hats (at night!) and surgical masks (?) during their shift.

When seeking nourishment a large number of cabbies head for a home-cooked meal, or a quick take-away fix, however there is a significant minority in the fleet that set up their own cafe in the trunk. Yes, some cabbies actually take up boot-space with jury-rigged, ockie-strapped sustenance stations that are with them wherever they drive. Popular trunk tucker includes coffee, sandwiches, meat-salads in tuperware containers and even Plowman's lunches (hunks of bread, cheese, meat and fruits—a veritable primitive picnic!), while some drivers even make a buck on the side from their highly illegal boot-food operations. One cabbie I know takes the whole thing a little far though and runs his small micro-wave oven out of the cigarette lighter...

What else do cabbies typically carry with them during their professional adventures? Other common

accessories include trip journals in which to record fare details, Maglite torches with which to find things in the dark (also useful in hand-to-hand combat), and various reading materials. These range from newspapers, novels, or other people's diaries to the latest issue of *Hot Rods*, *Cleo*, the industry's own prestigious journal *Cabchat* or even *Tits an' Ass* (I mean, who knows what half of these guys are doing while they're waiting for a job... uh, fare... uh, that didn't come out quite right...).

Given some of the eccentricities mentioned above, I'm quite a puritan when it comes to shaping up for work—black pants, white shirt, Blundstone work boots, stained and much mistreated blue anorak, standard change-holder, book of short stories, water bottle and 15,000 volt rechargeable laser (so much for the chain-mail!) are all I need and all I take. Put those things alongside the driving experience (in hours) of an average 70-year-old, the

quickest computer fingers in the fleet and the disarming charm of the Mellow Clown and you have the 'Saturday Night King' as I am known at several service stations and by a slowly increasing number of my compatriots.

Climbing into the driver's seat of a taxi is an interesting experience especially considering that every taxi is unique. Not only does the Canberra fleet consist of Ford Falcons and Holden Commodores varying in vintage from 1987 to 1996, but each is also configured differently. For instance, while all cars have MDTs (those black-box computerised thingies we all play with dangerously while driving), CBs (the thingies we sometimes talk into with either annoyance or deference) and meters (the thingies generally regarded as nasty by passengers and often confused with the digital clock by plastered patrons), there is no guarantee that any of these tools-of-the-trade will

system as an acceptable form of exchange. Canberra cabbies are trained extensively and earn their licences. To get a cab licence here you must complete a week-long night course, a written test, a driving test, at least 26 hours of 'jockeying' (riding shotgun) with another driver, a Police check and a medical examination. Sounds easy but the tests can be very difficult and I would calculate that it took me, a Canberran for the last 13 years, about 100 hours and cost about \$300 before I had my licence.

Once you have your licence you may know your way around the streets and the computer gear, but the real education begins with the first shift and the *interpersonal contact*. Now I was never a stand-in-the-corner-at-parties-and-talk-to-the-indoor-shrubbery sorta guy; in fact I was more likely to jump on the coffee table naked and scream the lyrics to 'Eagle Rock',

but taxi-driving was still a confronting experience to begin with, both in terms of the passengers and the other drivers.

Within the ranks of cabbies there is quite a status structure. For one thing there is the stigma that 'long-timers' (the old bastards who've been driving a taxi in Canberra since the Lake was a sheep paddock) attach to 'rookies' (anyone who got their licence since the Lake has been a



“Something it takes a long time for every cabbie to learn: when to talk and when not to.”

be spatially arranged with similarity in any two cabs. Not only that, but some taxis now have EFTPOS (the potentially very useful thingy that Cabcharge has rendered much less so with its 10% surcharge on all transactions), while yet other *special* taxis have column-shift gear sticks, power windows, cruise control, foot-activated hand brakes (!) or five seats. And you'd never believe that there could be such a variety of driver's seats—no two feel the same! It could all become a bit much for the inflexible or the untrained... about which I shall say more in a moment...

But no, to be serious, any criticism of the training of Canberra taxi drivers is completely unfair and unjustifiable. While we may be reasonably inflexible in refusing to alter our pattern of behaviour with regard to continual speeding, refusing to stop when hailed by stumbling degenerates on major arterial roads in the dead of night, and denial of the barter

Lake) and 'weekend warriors' (anyone who only drives a cab on weekends and actually has a life when not driving them). The long-timers will grind you into dust with their superior attitude and 40 year-old anecdotes if you let them, but pretty soon you find your own level and make some decent buddies to look for when you pull up on a rank. My first compadres were two guys named John and Jon, one who looked, sounded and acted like the Australian Marlboro Man, and the other who was a real car buff. We got along well and found that we could stand around stroting the breeze together quite comfortably, and even be honest with each other about the money we were taking. But you can't be like that with just any driver—if you're too open, too *young*, they're just as likely to one-up you, bitch about you behind your back or steal your money-making secrets. A fickle group taxi drivers—they'll back up their worst

Hawker Enclosed

enemy if he's being assaulted by a passenger, then when all's well just as quickly turn around and steal his next fare... cohesion hand-in-hand with cut-throat competition.

While there may be some tension between taxi drivers, there is a hell of a lot more between drivers and their passengers. Just think about it—this person you're letting into your work space is completely unknown to you. Despite what most people would think, my point is not about security either; my point is that even though my job is to drive my passenger from A to B by the most direct route, it's very hard to keep it as simple as that. Sure, some people don't want to talk, so the journey is silent. But most people do want to talk, if only to fill the void, and they talk about the weather, but maybe I don't want to talk so I put up a wall of silence and everything's silent again. Or maybe they bring up the wrong subject, or worse I do and the atmosphere becomes uncomfortable, or maybe we get on like a house on fire and want to meet again but won't... that is the professional boundary, something it takes every new cabbie a while to learn: when to talk and when not to, what to say and what not to, how to treat people the

way they want to be treated in order to maximise the comfort of the journey for all. I think diplomats should serve a stint as taxi drivers at some time in their lives. Most of the good ones probably do.

And then there is the lighter side of driving a taxi... the names that people use for you because they don't know your name—'Taxi Man', 'Mr Man', 'Big Fella', 'Bloke' and my personal favourite; 'Driver'... losing your keys in the bushes while having a slash and then having to call in half the fleet to help you find them (one of those times I really wish I had that Maglite!)... the runner who bolts off with out paying, turns around to give you the finger, then trips over the gutter and face-plants himself into the nature strip... the five-seater fare where the female passenger next to you uses the EFTPOS keypad and then your change holder to probe your intimate regions while her friends in the back stand up, drop their dacks and moon the other taxi you've just blown off at the lights... the drunk young guy who asks you to take him from Civic to a brothel in Fyshwick and gets you to turn around three times in the one fare, all the while talking about his passion for animals...

in two years of taxi driving I have witnessed a lot of weird, wild and amusing things, and quite often they make the job worthwhile.

Here we reach the end of your short, twisting, voyeuristic journey through the backstreets of taxi driving. If you actually read this article with a mind toward finding a job then by all means go for it. The hours are flexible, the money commensurate with anything else you'll earn while studying, there's always work going, and if you like people and driving it can also be a lot of fun. Two words of warning—if you are under 21 you will find it difficult to get a licence unless you have a friend who owns a cab plate and is willing to sponsor your training, and the work is semi-seasonal; you won't make much money driving in January or February in Canberra. If you read this article for a laugh or a little enlightenment then I hope it gave you a little of both or either, but if you want the real laughs/enlightenment I'm afraid you too will have to become a driver. You see Cabbies are like Masons—we have a secret handshake and don't reveal our true secrets so easily. Not even for an opportunity to write a 'Feature'...

JET PROGRAMME

The Government of Japan is inviting applications from young Australian university graduates (in principle under 35), who would like the opportunity to spend at least one year in Japan under a successful international exchange programme.

There are two types of placement:

ALT (Assistant Language Teacher) - those engaged in English instruction, mainly in public schools or local boards of education and
CIR (Coordinator for International Relations) - those engaged in international activities in local government offices.

(Japanese proficiency required for CIR position only)

Conditions: Contracts will be for one year, commencing around the end of July 1997, renewable in certain circumstances by mutual consent between the host institution and the JET participant. Remuneration and travel expenses will be paid by the host institution.

Applications close: 6 December, 1996

Application forms available from:

Japan Exchange and Teaching Programme
The Embassy of Japan
112 Empire Circuit
YARRALUMLA ACT 2600
Tel. (06) 273 2679
Fax. (06) 273 1848

or Consulates-General of Japan

Sydney: (02) 9231 3455 Melbourne (03) 9639 3277
Perth: (09) 321 7816 Brisbane (07) 3221 5188

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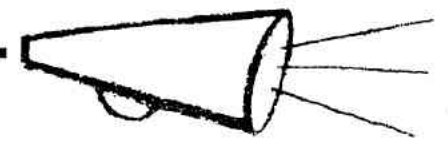
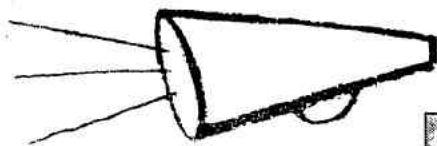
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Labor



Honesty in politics – the ANU way. September was a busy month for ANU student politicians; the Union Board Elections, election of Chair of the Union Board, and of course the Students' Association Elections took up a lot of time for everyone with a fetish for waving how-to-votes in peoples' faces (unfortunately this also includes me).

What didn't include me or the majority of students on this campus was an event that will only further blacken the already tarnished reputations of student politicians everywhere (regardless of their persuasion). In case you haven't heard about it/read about it by now I am referring to an attempt by a person or persons to cheat in the SA Elections.

The other scrutineers seemed to know on the morning of the count that something was up, otherwise their tendency to huddle in the corner and whisper furtively was just a peculiar late adolescent phase they were going through, but then when the ballot boxes were opened to reveal four wads of neatly folded President ballot papers I had a reasonably good idea of what everybody else already knew.

The 146 "suspect votes" (as the Canberra Times referred to them) were all for the "Rage" candidate for President Daniel Jenkins. Obviously someone wanted him to win badly enough to attempt to stuff the ballot box.

It is a matter of great personal disgust and shame to me that the person or persons responsible for this rort might be members of the Labor Students Club; at the very least I believe they were involved with the "Rage" ticket – a ticket endorsed by the Labor Students Club – and were possibly even candidates. I think it goes without saying that if Club members were

involved, then they won't be members for very much longer.

The most disturbing aspect to this whole affair is that the rort was almost undiscovered. If no one had noticed the ballot box stuffers in action, then the ballot box, as is customary, would have been up-ended and the disputed ballot papers would have been mixed in and undetected.

Perhaps some one might have noticed that the number of votes cast for President was abnormally greater than for either General Secretary or Treasurer, but given the overwhelming margin of victory I doubt it very much. In my view the abnormally low number of votes cast for General Secretary is also extremely suspicious – I have never seen such a large variance between the votes for each executive position.

I still feel nauseous at the thought of what was attempted. It is beyond comprehension that someone could be so desperate to win any election, let alone a student one, that they would be prepared to rort a ballot. I expect that the next few weeks will involve a great deal of finger pointing, as well as accusations that all Labor students are corrupt – a slur that is untrue. If those guilty of cheating are never caught then I hope they carry their guilt to the grave and that the stench of corruption follows them every step of the way.

Until students are no longer involved in the SA Elections as polling officers (as is already the case for the Union Elections), and the names crossed off the electoral roll are reconciled daily with the number of ballot papers issued, then there is every likelihood that such a rort could happen again. And who knows who might be responsible next time.

Yvette Martin

Liberal



Ladies and Gents

Maybe the ALP Didn't Mean to Stuff the Ballot Box.

I just don't know what to say. I'm speechless. Dumbfounded. Astonished. Dismayed. What has this world come to? When a party founded on social democratic principles; established in order to defend the rights of the downtrodden; created with the intent to pursue all avenues of justice and democracy and other nice things like that. And then this party, of all parties, is seen to perpetrate acts of electoral fraud. I'm shocked. I feel like I've been shat on. I mean, everything I've ever believed in, like helping old ladies cross the road and indicating before changing lanes, has all been turned its head because my one guiding light on the highway of ethical and moral behaviour has been pulled over for speeding.

But perhaps all is not lost. Perhaps we're being a little harsh here. After all, I'm sure that the ALP were just doing what was best for us in the long term. Maybe they just felt that we were not capable of making an insightful and well judged decision when marking the ballot. That we, in our capacity as the electorate, are, by our very nature, inherently flawed. That we are capable of fully appreciating the far reaching visionary standards that they strive to attain. Perhaps all the ALP were hoping to do was set things straight; to bypass the electorate and proceed to rule in it's infinite wisdom, unhampered by the shackles of legitimacy or mandate. I mean, who needs that sort of shit when you know you're right, right? When sometimes you know you're so good it just hurts, baby?

And yet here I was, questioning their motives; questioning their ethical and moral standing in this, our democratic society. I am sorry, oh so dreadfully sorry I ever doubted.

Woah, shit. Gotta stop there. It's starting to hurt.

How to Stuff A Ballot Box and Still Lose the Election.

Shit, eh. I mean, what do you expect me to say? Labor got caught cheating! Part of me wants to say "Surprise! Surprise!" with heavy sarcastic intonations stressed for effect. What these people were trying to do was disgraceful. It does nothing but typify the total disregard they have for the electorate. they were willing to cheat their way into office without blinking an eyelid; to make decisions on our behalf and spend our money by means foul and felonious. It was a scandalous piece of immoral deception which they cannot be allowed to get away with.

And yet it is somewhat difficult for me to call for their heads without it being seen as some sort of partisan opportunism. Surely though, this will be seen for what it is. Cheating. And they got caught. Discipline must therefore be forthcoming, else our constitution and student government be revealed as a total sham.

I can't help but note the irony, though. I mean, even if you count the dodgy ballots towards the Labor ticket's total, they still lost. Talk about really fucking up big time.

Nick Tolley
ANU Liberal Club

meditation workshop

After getting more and more phone calls from people at the ANU, the Sri Chinmoy Centre is presenting another meditation mini-course. This time, it's a series of four sessions, covering basic and advanced meditation techniques (as usual), over the course of two weeks. Learn to meditate - to become more relaxed, to focus yourself, or to get in touch with your own limitless potential. Where? The Counselling Centre (Union building). When? 1:00 pm on Monday 21 October, Thursday 24 October, Monday 28 October and Thursday 31 October. As always, the course is free of charge. Phone 248 0232 for more information.

clubs
and
societies

law students society

Protest against Differential HECS. The Law Student's Society is gathering signatures for the Australasians Law Students' Association petition to be tabled in the Senate. You can find petitions outside the front office and at the Student's Association. Sign before Friday 18 October. For more information contact the Law Soc on 249 0697

Women's Climbing Evening Sponsored by Kathmandu

Ever wondered what rock climbing is and whether you could do it? Come along and give it a try in a friendly and relaxed atmosphere. You don't need any equipment just a desire to give it a go.

Time: every Wednesday night at the A.N.U. climbing wall. From 8pm - 10pm.
Bring: Sandshoes, comfortable clothes and friends.
Cost: \$2 for students and union members
\$5 for others-entrance cost of using the climbing wall.



The Truck Driver And His Mate

*Parked inside the lay-by
Their destination can wait
Dancing in the moonlight
The truck driver and his mate*

So begins a rather curious song by the Pet Shops Boys. Well, its only curious in the sense that this seems to be the beginning of a song about a bloke and his mate.

Its not every day that such things are seen or heard in popular culture.

Its a funny contradiction: on the one hand, sex between men continues to be a stigmatised behaviour, not often spoken about in public, yet on the other hand, at a national level, the third National HIV/AIDS Strategy continues to acknowledge the widespread and pervasive occurrence of sex between men. Such acknowledgment has been instrumental in the success of the strategy to date.

Even more curious is the continued exploration, in academic and health circles, of

the sex that goes on between men *who don't identify as gay.*

Non-gay identifying men-who-have-sex-with-menHuh?!? Isn't a man who has sex with other men gay?

Well, no, not necessarily.

The larger surveys of sexuality (eg Kinsey) have frequently illustrated just how common sex between men is. What is less common though, is the number of those men who will identify as gay.

From the research that has occurred in Australia, it now seems apparent that sexual behaviour and sexual identity may be related in different ways. For gay men, the *integration* of sexual behaviour and sexual identity may be more important. That is, identifying same sex attraction and then identifying with being gay - telling others, family, friends, is often the main focus of coming out.

For non gay identifying men, the *separation* of their sexual behaviour with men from the

social role with others is often the main task. For example, a married man with children who has sex with other men often seeks to keep those two parts of his life away from each other.

Acting out of compulsion

After hours sitting in the van

Taking coals to Newcastle

Talking man to man

The interesting point about non gay identifying men-who-have-sex-with-men is that you can't look them up in the phone book to see where it is that they meet!

Because men-who-have-sex-with-men don't use a common sexual identity label, like gay, straight, bisexual, no community (or politics for that matter) has developed as has with the lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender communities. Men-who-have-sex-with-men may be more likely to view themselves in terms of their gender (I a bloke); their role (father, husband, provider); their job (accountant, salesman, truck driver); rather

than seeing themselves as men-who-have-sex-with-men.

For many of these men, having sex with other men is just something that happens, has no relationship to other parts of their life and they do it without anyone else in their life knowing about it, and they do it without any major problems.

For other men, having sex with other men may be enjoyable but problematic. They may feel out of control, guilt, shame, fear being discovered, anxiety, concerns about sexual health or may feel trapped in a cycle of guilt-repression-breaking out.

Loyal to the point of madness

Solemn as an act of fate

Dancing in the moonlight

The truck driver and his mate

There are sometimes many complex and difficult issues for some men-who-have-sex-with-men to negotiate.

A new service has been set up in Canberra to assist those men who would like to talk confidentially with someone about their

situation.

Man to Man is a confidential telephone and information and support service. Currently it operates on Monday and Friday from 10am to 4pm, and on Saturday from 1pm to 5pm. The number to call is (06) 247 2726.

So if you occasionally, or even regularly, have a dance with your mate and you want to talk about some of the issues involved, Man to Man is the service for you. Trained volunteers answer the phone line and provide a non-judgemental service. The service also has a useful list of referral points for men who wish to discuss specific issues in detail.

Stephen Lawton
Campus HIV/AIDS Educator
Telephone: 249 3604

Email:
Stephen.Lawton@anu.edu.au
<http://www.anu.edu.au/cis/Services/hiv aids>

thanks for the mammaries

Abortion - the choice is theirs

Last year the NSW Court of Appeal upheld a woman's right to sue for damages from a clinic that failed to diagnose her pregnancy in time to have it terminated. The case now comes before the High Court.

At issue is not the foetus' right to life but rather the right for competent medical diagnosis and treatment.

The question upon which this case seems obvious, were the doctors negligent? And yet it is not. In order to show negligence, the women involved in

the case must show that in failing to diagnose pregnancy the medical practitioners caused her an injury. Recently in court the woman has said she is very happy with her child thus it becomes injury in the form of denial of a right to choose. What the doctors did in misdiagnosing the pregnancy until it was too late to abort was not allow the woman control over her own future. It is this then, it is argued, that was the injury.

Key players in the debate are

the Australian Catholic Health Care Association which was graduated standing in the trials as friends of the court. Further Catholic representation comes from the justices, including the Chief Justice presiding over the case, the majority of whom are Catholic. Moreover, each justice has been threatened with excommunication from the Catholic Church if

there finding is not in accordance with Catholic teaching.

The more pressing issue that this case raises is a recognition that women's right to choose an abortion is, at best, tenuous and at worst under very real threat. The acknowledgment that women's abortion rights are in the hands of men, as Judiciary and Legislators, has left many women feeling uneasy. If the High Court is

women's department

able to read within the constitution an implied right to life then these rights will forever be abolished.

Abortion is an issue about women's right to choose, at the moment this choice is theirs.

Siobhan McDonnell



Women's Climbing Evening

Several months ago the ANU women's officer organised a women's climbing evening for Blue Stocking week. The evening was a great success, with around 30 women coming along and having a go. The women who joined in ranged from rank beginners to those who had been climbing for years. Because teh evening was so much fun for everyone involved, and because a number of women wanted to do it again, we have, after a short delay set up a regular women's climbing evening.

This is something we've wanted to do for a while, but has been made possible recently by 'Kathmandu' the outdoor store's donation of equipment to help us out. This means that for those who don't have any gear you can still come along and have a go.

We're encouraging women from all levels to join in. If you've climbed before you can spend an evening climbing with other women and helping us out. For those who haven't we're strongly encouraging you to come along. There will be experienced climbers there to help out and look after you and it should be enjoyable for everyone.

The cost will only be of using the climbing wall, which is \$2 for students and \$5 for non-students.

Details:

Time: Every Wednesday, 8pm-9:45pm

At: ANU Climbing Wall, (in the Gym)

Bring: Comfortable clothes, sandshoes and friends.

For more info: Phone Sam, 2496382



Women's Business

Thursday the 17th, at 1.00 in the Rapunzel Room (ground floor Crisp Building-opposite Haden Allen Tank) marks the date for the up and coming Women's Officer election. In keeping with all the best principals of bribery and corruption (a-la The Family) the women's office will be offering a free slab of chocolate mud cake to woman who comes and votes. This meeting will also serve as a meeting to plan events for next year. Please Please come along and get involved.

Neither Blow Nor Snow: A Guide To Getting A Job

Most students will be looking for work when they finish their degrees. Many will not find it. Here are a few tips to help you present your case to potential employers:

Preparation and Research

The concept of research should not be foreign to a university educated jobseeker. You are trying to do two things: find out about the organisation and the job, and trying to determine whether this particular job will give you the experience, remuneration and satisfaction you are seeking.

Find out everything you can about the job and the organisation. Check out annual reports, newspaper/magazine articles, internet, speak to people within the organisation (usually there will be a telephone contact, who is often one of the interviewers), and try to visit the workplace and meet people. Often you can get a good impression whether this is the sort of place you want to work. Avoid being pushy, but show that you are keen on the job and a determined (but tactful) potential employee.

Your Resume

The first thing that a potential employer will look at is your resume. Although what really matters is the content, clear presentation is important so that the employer actually reads it. The employer may be digging through dozens of applications;

try to make sure that your resume is easy to read.

Your resume is going to be something that you will present every time you apply for a job, so it must be up to date with the latest details and is easy to read. Present your strongest characteristics first; if you have good academic results, hammer the point; if you have extensive work experience, you should be making the most of this. If you are weak in any area, try to show that you have either some training in that field or at least a strong willingness and ability to learn.

Get a friend, parent or bum off the street to read your resume and application and give comments. Is it easy to read and understand? Have you convinced that person to give you the job?

Referees

The best referees are previous employers or academic supervisors. Try to find referees from fields that have some relation to the job you are applying for. If you don't have much work experience, or your employers hate you, character references are okay. Make sure you have current contact numbers and addresses, that you have at least two referees, and that you have warned them to expect a call.

If the employer wants written references, make sure they are to the point and (if possible)

written with the prospective job in mind. Good employers will phone your referees for a talk, even if they have provided written references.

The Interview

If possible, check out the place the day before. How long will it take to get there? Bus, train, taxi, foot? Turn up at least five minutes early, but don't come so early that you are making a nuisance of yourself or intruding upon somebody else's interview. If you are much too early, find a cafe or something nearby where you can read over your resume and application.

Business clothing.

These days, it is not necessary to have your hair cropped like a US Marine or get rid of all those body piercings, but you want to give an impression that you will be the sort of person that will work well with others. Of course, you are going to dress differently for an interview as an accountant than for a job as a surfboard sales rep.

Find yourself a comfortable place to sit, and try to avoid pacing, swivelling about in the chair picking your nose or vomiting on the carpet. Most interviewers are not interrogators; if they are, then this might not be the sort of organisation you want to work in anyway. Be prepared to highlight your strengths and downplay your weaknesses, but don't lie. These

days you can even find yourself in legal difficulties if you tell big fibs in an interview; besides, most interviewees are so nervous that they don't lie very well anyway.

Imagine you're having a chat with some friends, who just happen to hold your entire future career in their hands. Avoid slagging



off previous employers, even if you left under disastrous circumstances. Remember that ex-friend who used to bitch to you about everybody else, and how you therefore knew they were talking about you behind your back? Natch. The interview is your last chance to sell yourself (your abilities, not your

body) to the panel.

After The Interview

Evaluation. After you sit back and sigh with relief (or have a good bawl), pick up that application and resume. Did the interviewers know everything about you that you wanted them to know? Did they have any misconceptions about you? If you didn't get an interview at all, why not? Can you address any deficiencies with further training or related work experience? Whether you get the job or not, ring up the members of the interview panel, and ask them (courteously!) if they would mind giving you some feedback on your interview performance; your strengths and weaknesses, whether you could do further training to address any weaknesses. If you don't get the job, remember that we learn more from setbacks than from glorious victories.

With each interview you take, your confidence should increase. Applying for jobs is more a matter of experience than anything else. If you're game, you could even try applying for some of the Armed Forces officer recruitment interviews; they are gruelling affairs, often run by professional bastards, and will give you an idea of how bad job interviews can really get. Just DON'T accept a job from them!

Michael Barry

Your House; My Home

Tenancy is a prevalent form of accommodation for students, and something that most people experience at least once in their lifetimes, regardless of socio-economic position. Accordingly, it is an area in which most people have an interest or involvement. Tenancy issues affect the entire community and tenants are a diverse and important part of that community.

The month of October is an significant month in terms of tenancy, both in the ACT and internationally. On the 7th October International Tenants Day is celebrated around the world, and Canberra follows this celebration with ACT Tenancy Week from 14th to 18th.

International Tenants Day originated in 1986 when the French tenant organisation CNL proposed a special world day for tenants. The council of the International Union of Tenants agreed, and decided that it coincide with World Habitat Day (the first Monday

in October), administered from United Nations' Commission on Human Settlement in Nairobi, Kenya. On this day throughout the world housing and tenancy issues are promoted and expounded. Issues such as rights for tenants, affordable rental, tenant participation in all matters related to housing highlight the universality of tenancy.

In the ACT, this day coincides not only with the Labour Day long weekend, but also school and uni holidays. In order to ensure the maximum

exposure and involvement with the community it is seen as a launching pad for Tenancy Week, which follows the next week. Organisations involved in its planning and operation include the Tenants' Advice Service, ACT Shelter, ACT Housing, the Office of Rental Bonds and the Consumer Affairs Bureau. There will be more services and organisations participating throughout the week.

Tenancy Week is about promoting the different forms of tenancy in the ACT, as well as services for tenants. Events include:

Monday 14th: Launch and information status at the Canberra Centre

Tuesday 15th: Launch of ACT Shelter at Old Hackett Primary School ACT Housing Spring Garden Competition Awards, Glebe Park, 2pm

Wednesday 16th: Information stall at Woden Plaza

Wednesday 17th: Information stalls at Tuggeranong Hyperdome

Friday 18th: Information stall at Westfield, Belconnen

The aim of the week is to promote tenants' and the wider community's awareness of:

- Tenancy rights and responsibilities
- where to go for tenancy information
- Tenancy issues; and
- How to affect change

For further information contact: the Tenants' Union on 247 1026, or write to: PO Box 8, Civic Square, ACT 2608.

financial advice
student loans

austudy

health care cards

ANU STUDENT WELFARE SERVICE

Having Problems With Anything at all?

CALL ANNE
For advice and referral.

Anne McCusker Welfare Officer

Mon-Tues: Institute of the Arts Union Office

Wed-Frid: ANU Students Association
ph. 249 5849

rent relief

sexual harassment

accommodation

Three Strikes and You're Out?

The ANU Law Students' Society, in conjunction with the UCan Law Society, have issued a press release to all Federal MPs, Senators and the Press Gallery. For further information, contact Anne Witherford or Geraldine Chin at the Law Society on ph. 249 0687.

The Howard Government's higher education changes base themselves upon false premises, make a mockery of equitable access to education, and raise the spectre of an elitist law profession in Australia. **Up-front fees:** The impact of the Federal Government's provision for 25% of places to be reserved for up-front fee paying students will be progressive substitution of government-funded with full fee paying places. Potential law students will be discouraged from undertaking law since price tag rather than aptitude or social usefulness will be the overriding factor. These changes are the thin end of the wedge that clear the way for the cliché of an elitist profession to become reality.

Strike One, Senator Vanstone. Course cost: Senator Vanstone's proposal of a three

tiered system of HECS "based upon course cost" is a joke. Law is among the lowest cost disciplines—similar to an arts or commerce degree—and costs significantly less than band two courses such as science and engineering. Nevertheless, law students will repay third tier HECS rates of \$5500 for each year of their course. It is nonsensical in the Minister's own terms as well as grossly unfair to force law students to pay the highest rate for what is both a low-cost and low-funded discipline.

Strike Two, Senator Vanstone. **Income potential:** The Federal Government's assumption about income earning potential in its tiered HECS system—that all law graduates will be earning higher wages than graduates from first and second tier courses—is stupefying. There are vast earning differences between law graduates. The reality, Senator Vanstone, is that over 50% of law graduates do not even go on to practice law, instead entering employment in lower-earning general professions.

Strike Three, Senator Vanstone.

HECS threshold: Due to a reduction in the HECS repay-

ments threshold (from \$28,495 to \$20,701), virtually all students will start repaying in their first job (94% of the workforce earns above this amount). Even so, law students will be paying off tuition debts (both HECS and Austudy) well into their middle lives with women the hardest hit. According to current levels of remuneration for legal employment, many women will be paying off a typical Arts/Law debt of \$33,000 well into their 40s. **Access:** Law students already pay up-front fees of a minimum of \$5000 to acquire practical legal training which is a prerequisite for admission to practice. Students who enter employment to undertake this training will receive a double whammy. They will have to pay back HECS debts before they have even acquired their degree skills. Furthermore, the regressive move to raise the independent age for Austudy from 22 to 25 will mean students already burdened with future HECS debts may well find it impossible to study at all.

We call on the Federal Labor Opposition and the minor parties to block the Howard Government's attacks on accessible education in the Senate.

Law Society Statement

champagne charlie

Why I'd Buy Machiavelli a Drink ...

Sometime in the Tudor period of English history (the bit after Richard III and before James I) a political commenter wrote some witty lines that went something like: Treason never prosper, what's the reason? For if it prosper, none dare call it treason. The point being, if a fellow cheats his way to power successfully, and isn't caught out, no-one's really going to be in a position to argue. This brings us to the fine old art of ballot stuffing. The chief point of ballot stuffing is being inconspicuous and getting away with it. It would appear that in the recent elections some poor bastard was put up to the job and had one too many shots of dutch courage before making the attempt. Anyone who performed so poorly in the oldest of political arts (after lying) as was described in the

ANU Reporter article either had to be incompetent or drunk I vote for drunk. Drunks are always dropping things (and I dear reader, should know), so why not 149 ballots in three tightly packed wads.

However, the point is that smart corrupt people are the ones who aren't caught. When you look at the manifest idiocy of most political rorting failures, you begin to suspect that anyone of average intelligence or over must be doing quite well indeed out of scam-mongering.

But to return to our earlier point of political pondering: if you get away with it, it's legal. Ever been at a beer stack? Someone always cries foul. Ever been to Student's Association GM when someone stands up and claims the latest constitutional reforms are a rort? Well, the rather anarchic perspective is that it is all a

rort, my good friends, its just that the ones that come off, are always legal. Thus in politics, whatever works, works. Isn't all this rather immoral? Well, as Machiavelli pointed out to us all its fairly easy to be either a moral political leader, or a successful one - rather more difficult to be both. And on this auspicious note I'd like to raise my glass and voice in a resounding toast to all the newly elected inhabitants of Rortsville, ANU. Yes, to all our new Student Pollies, the very best of British Bitter!

Most mornings Charlie is an irascible, bad-tempered right winger, who tends to moderate his views as the sun gets over the yard arm. He firmly denies that after midnight his only position on any political issue is under the table.

When we were children, games were so simple: all you needed was a tennis ball, or a piece of elastic, or some chalk and some rocks, and you had lunchtimes of entertainment stretching into the dizzy infinities of your primary school years. Down the coast for a tragically brief holiday last week I was reminded of the curious simplicity of children's games when I found myself playing hopscotch on a beach with some friends. There was somehow a marvellous purity about the scene, an evocation of lost innocence which made me pine for the days of skipping rope and duck duck goose, and wonder whether those days have passed from the playgrounds of the future.

I cannot restrain myself from adding that I won hopscotch on the beach but then, I was always good at those sort of games—the ones that were completely confined to the realm of the playground—and never any good at the real sports: basketball, football. Nor that you really draw that distinction when you are a child—I remember I used to dream about playing at the Hand-Tennis World Championships, just as I used to wonder how I always managed to miss the skipping races when the Olympics were on TV. (Part of me still thinks there's a hope for Beach Hopscotch, too, though the maturity of age leads me to a somewhat greater suspicion.)

More than anything, however, I love the elaborate rules which children's games developed. It's as if to compensate for the lack of resources they required, kids' games evolved a host of regulations which make the ANU bureaucracy look positively streamlined. Even tips or chases was never without the shrill cry of an unbroken voice declaring: "can't tip the butcher back!" This rule was followed. It was one of the Commandments of the Playground, and everyone believed it. There were rules surrounding marbles, skipping, yo-yo's—even elastics.

Elastics I never really understood, actually. Despite almost all of the other games being sexually non-discriminatory, there was something which generally prevented boys from playing elastics. Perhaps it was a vague pre-sexual thing, though this was in those heady days before puberty arose like the giant plastic squid of a B-grade science fiction movie and, tentacles quivering, assumed its terrible grip over our decade old lives. The other game which I never really experienced involved a piece of string and what looked like a half-dozen dislocated fingers, with the skill being located somehow in the act of manipulating the string so as to avoid severing the hand which was tremblingly placed within it.

Then, when you moved out of infants and into primary school, when you could play on the oval and in the trees behind, then the games got serious. You know what I'm talking about—the dark side of little lunch. Brandings. British Bulldogs. (blush) Red Rover. I must confess that I have only ever played one game of Red Rover—a game which at my school involved a line of boys, a line of girls, and kissing—and, sob, I was never called over. Another secret shame I choose to share with my dozen or so readers and their imaginary friends.

British Bulldogs was equally traumatic. Of course it was outlawed—illegal. You could get in big trouble if you were caught playing it. We amazed ourselves with our brilliance in developing a cunning pseudonym for the game, so that if we were caught we would simply say we were playing "Aussie Dingo" and we couldn't get in trouble. We just couldn't. (It's amazing the blind faith in literalism which only children and judges seem to share.) Still, there is something only a sixth grade boy can understand about wanting to pelt as fast as you can into the body of another sixth grade boy who is crouched in position like a sumo master, waiting to tackle you. I didn't really like it. Maybe there weren't enough rules for me.

Another game whose icy simplicity I found disquieting was Brandings. How long do you think it took to think this game up? Hmm, we've got a tennis ball, a bunch of screaming kids, a copy of *Lord of the Flies*...Let's play.

But my favourite game of all was hand-tennis. It think that it wasn't so much the skill involved in actually playing the game, as the complexity of the rules and their indeterminacy which appealed to me. What I want to know is, how do kids know what the rules are? They're not written down anywhere. It's not like they take you aside and explain it to you, that they have workshops at the beginning of the year to tell you what it's all about. I always wanted to know where the rule book was, or if they had hand-tennis judges, a hand-tennis tribunal to adjudicate disputes. The ambiguous status of those serves which burned along the ground; whether a hand was clutched, and so a grab; the tricky rules concerning interference, which varied from hand-tennis jurisdiction to hand-tennis jurisdiction—how did you know what was allowed and what wasn't?

Even the name varied—you say handball, I say hand-tennis. Regardless of its tide, we played it everywhere—we started off in the painted squares on the blacktop (Ace, King, Queen, and Dunce—which shows you just how harsh kids could be; if you're not number 1, 2, or 3, you're a loser and deserve to be called a loser), but more advanced players quickly progressed to the more sophisticated locations—against walls, up and down stairs, in corners—the possibilities were limitless.

Why did we stop playing? I'm not sure. Other things became more important, perhaps. Other distractions—alcohol, relationships, nightclubs, newspapers. But thinking back to that tranquil afternoon on the beach I think it is easy to see why the simplicity of those games appeals so strongly. Amidst the multiple anxieties of essays and exams, of relationship traumas and family hassles, there's something magically pure in the simple combination of a bunch of kids, some lines on the ground, and a tennis-ball—stretching off into the dizzy infinities of childhood.

Election Aftermath: Wadgate?

Students' Association Elections

The elections for next year's Students' Association were held in the last week of term. The result was a significant victory for the Counterattack ticket, but the process has been called into question by serious attempts at cheating. Neither attempt made any difference to the result, but it might have. If an enterprise on this scale has been pulled off successfully by the Liberal Club in last year's election, then they would now control the SA, because the result last year was much closer.

I have been investigating this scheme in detail, and I have found so far that:

(i) it came from within the "Rage" ticket, and was a genuine attempt to elect Rage candidates to the positions of General Secretary and President.

(ii) the scheme had the full cooperation and assistance of at least one, and probably two of the students employed by the Students' Association to sit at the polling table and give out ballot papers, check student cards and cross names off the roll. I should say at this point that these polling officers were appointed by the Treasurer, Daniel Jenkins. I allowed him to undertake this task on the understanding that he would gain cross party approval for the appointments. Of the five students appointed, this was done in the case of only one.

(iii) at least one supporter of the "Rage" ticket put the multiple ballot papers in the box during the time at which the polls were open.

The Students' Association has received an official complaint about the multiple ballot papers. The next General Meeting will therefore elect a Committee of Disputed Returns to investigate the whole matter.

So far we know the following:
1400 ballot papers for President were printed.

141 remained at the end of the four days of polling.

1267 names were crossed off the list.

1224 ballot papers for President were in the ballot box, including 146 which were clumped together in four separate bundles.

The disputed ballot papers were all signed with two clearly distinguishable signatures.

This means that 1259 ballot papers for President were in circulation. 1224 ended up in the ballot box, with 146 clearly put in by between one and four people, and these ballot papers were all signed by the same two polling officers. In my view, at least 146 ballot papers were stolen by at least one polling officer. This person then crossed off the roll at least 146 extra names, in order to prevent any one noticing that there were more ballot papers in the box than there were names crossed off the roll (a usual precautionary measure in the counting of an election). The polling officer then signed the stolen ballot papers after the polls had closed, gave them to the architect of the rort, who filled them in and then gave them to his or her hench person who put them in the ballot box, and was seen doing it on Friday afternoon.

Excluding the bundles, the total number of ballot papers in the box for each position were:

1078 President

1072 Treasurer

925 General Secretary

1064 Woroni

1082 General Representatives

Every student is entitled to vote for these positions. The huge discrepancy between the number of papers for General Secretary and the other four positions is very suspicious.

My theory is that the guilty polling officer deliberately did not hand out ballot papers for the position of General Secretary to about 150 voters who looked as though they were going to vote for the Counterattack ticket. This explains why the vote for the "Rage" executive candidates was reasonably consistent across the three positions, but the vote for the Counterattack candidate for General Secretary was much lower than their candidate for President and Treasurer.

Unfortunately every one is denying everything. I am nevertheless absolutely confident of proving who was involved. If the Treasurer was involved, he will resign or be dismissed. Any polling officer proven to be involved will not be paid.

HECS

I have written to Mal Colston and Brian Harradine about HECS, urging them to vote against the Government's wicked imposts in the Senate. Mal Colston has written back saying that he hasn't made up his mind. He suggested that I raise it at ANU Council, as he and I are members of that body. I did this at the meeting on September 13, in the context of a debate on a proposal to increase the Legal Workshop Fee by \$1925. I made an impassioned speech about HECS changes, which seemed to make an impact on Senator Colston. Senator John Tierney, John Howard's rep on the Council (yes, the PM does have a rep on the council) told me if I wrote to the Minister and pointed out that most Australian law students have to pay a fee of around \$6000 before they can practice, she might change her mind and put law in the second band of courses (\$4700 a year) rather than the top band (\$5500) per year, as announced on August 9. It's a shame that Senator Tierney was persuaded of my argument but will ignore it when he votes in the Senate, and that he voted to put the Legal Workshop Fee up.

Further bad news about HECS is that the Australian Vice-Chancellors Committee has publicly called on the Senate to pass the whole budget but for one measure. They have asked the Government to lower the repayment threshold for new students only. The Government wants to make anyone with a debt repay it when earning over \$20,700 per year. This would affect all currently enrolled students. The AVCC is therefore asking that existing students be left entirely alone. This is good for all of us, and I have little doubt that this was due in part to our own Vice-Chancellor, Deane Terrell. It is a shame that he and others seem to be supporting the horrific changes for new students.

It all depends on what Colston and Harradine do, however, not on what the AVCC says.

I will be keeping up the pressure. The idiot socialists are taking a stupid

approach which I will mention briefly. Before the last Council meeting they jostled Colston to the point of him almost fainting with panic. What this was supposed to do I don't know. He's not the Government and as yet there is no indication that he will support what the government is doing. Taking out our anger on him will be counterproductive, but this is what you'd expect from the ISO and Resistance.

Supplementary Exams

Every one should know about the introduction of supplementary exams, if only because one ticket in the recent election decided to take 100% of the credit for it, (a pathetic rewriting of history). It now looks as though these won't be available until first semester exams next year, because the Faculties are taking too long to make some minor decisions on the scheme. I was not informed that there was a requirement that these details be worked out before the rules came into effect.

The trouble is that supps only become compulsory when the Examination Rules are formally changed by Council. The decision by the Board of the Faculties is just the first step. The ANU's adviser on legislation is asked (by Council) to draw up some rules to reflect the intention of the Board. When the adviser has done this the rules are approved formally by Council. Supps are then compulsory.

I was aware of all this in May. At the Board discussion, the question was raised as to how long after the Board made a decision would it take to get the rules into law. The Registrar said that if the Board deferred its decision until August there would still be plenty of time to get the rules drafted and approved ready for November 1996 exams (some academics were arguing that more time was needed to consider the issue). The decision was not deferred. It was made on May 31. Yet it now looks as though we won't have supps for November. This is a disgrace.

Council on June 14 formally referred the Board's decision to the adviser on legislation. This decision has been ignored. Someone has decided that this will not happen until the Faculties have settled some minor administrative matters. I thought it was perfectly clear that the Faculties would make their own rules on these matters, and that the University wide Examination rules would simply say that this was the case. Now the university wide rules have been delayed. Faculty policy is not a matter for University wide rules. Is someone seriously suggesting that the universities examination rules say "In the Asian Studies Faculty, the resulting pass will be recorded as a P, but in the Law Faculty it will be recorded as a P(S)". If this is not what is proposed, then why is the drafting of the University wide rules being delayed?

At the moment it looks as though we won't have supps until next year, but I will be doing my best to resolve this issue in our favour.

ACT Housing Trust Rent Assistance

Hundreds of full time students at ANU have been sent letters by the ACT Government telling them that they will not be receiving rent assistance next year,

or after the end of their lease, whichever is the later. This is appalling, and was done without any consultation of anyone. Many students rely on this scheme. If your not earning an outrageous amount of money, you are given a subsidy by the Government such that you only have to pay 40% of your income in rent. You have to wait a year before receiving it if you come to the ANU from interstate, and you can't get it if you live in a hall or college. Many college students move into houses after one or two years because its much cheaper after you get the rent assistance.

This is particularly frustrating as the ANU is on the precipice of establishing a permanent rent assistance scheme of its own, targeted towards first year students from interstate. The idea was that some of these students could live in an ANU Hall in their first year, with a bursary from the University. They could then move into private housing and receive rent assistance from the ACT Government. I discussed this in considerable detail in my last report, and I have received no response to it. The scheme might have to be revised now that the Government is cutting off its assistance from all students in the ACT.

This means that students will have to work longer hours to supplement their incomes. More will have to go part time to support themselves. Students from interstate will have to stay in Canberra over summer to hold down precious jobs, and all this is on top of the Federal Government's decision to raise the AUSTUDY age of independence from 22 to 25.

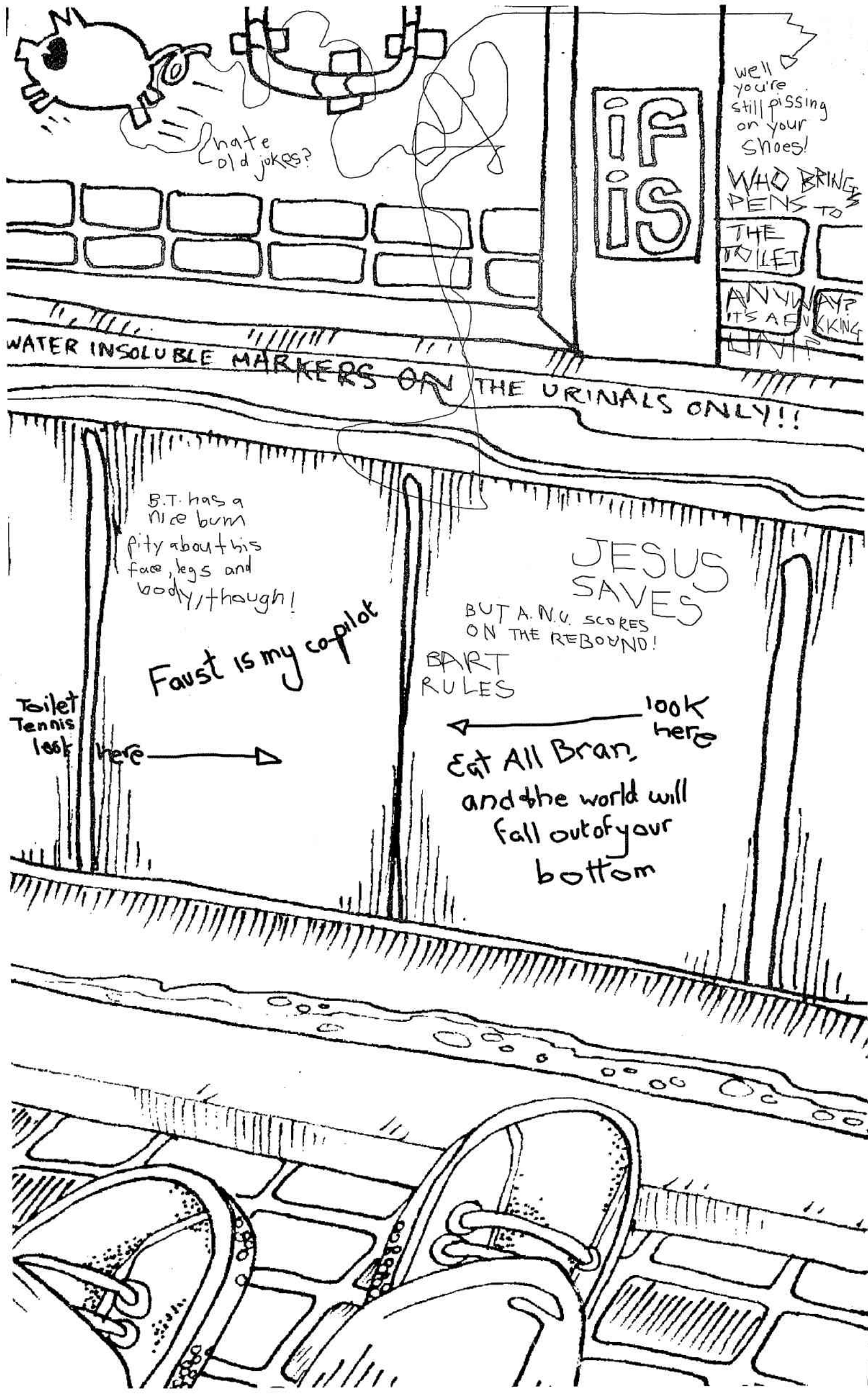
I might add that this decision might not have been taken if the Federal Coalition Government had kept its promise to maintain the level of funding to the ACT Government Strikes etc.

The University is dealing with an entirely deserving claim for a pay rise for academic and general staff. There is no question that the ANU and other universities won't be able to keep up the quality of education if good minds are lost to business, the public service etc, and our pay rates are so far behind that this is becoming a reality.

The issue is whether the ANU should try to cope with the pay rise without support from the Federal Government. The University has decided it should, but not to the extent that would keep the unions happy. So there will probably be strikes, and there is already a ban on exams.

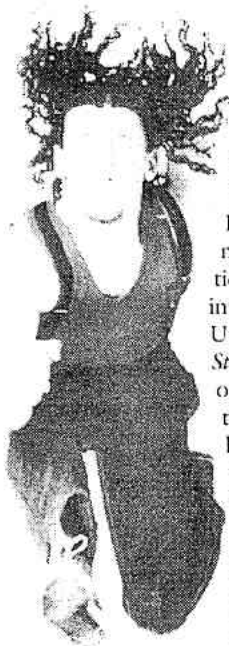
The Federal Government deserves condemnation for not addressing the pay claim. They argue that the pay rises should be linked to productivity increases, which would easily pay for them in the long run. They ignore the obvious fact that the current pay claim is based on productivity increases already achieved by staff. These productivity increases have not given the University enough money to deal with the pay claim. Any efficiencies made have been swallowed up by the Government's horrendous funding cut. It looks like some staff will have to be offered redundancies to pay for the salary increases for the staff that stay.

William Mackerras



ENTERTAINMENT SPECIAL onstage

The National Festival of Australian Theatre is a frenzied and thrilling hit of culture, talent, entertainment and style guaranteed to jolt you off your stupefied bottom and blast you out of the sludge of essays and bad food. Held every October in Canberra (why Canberra, you ask? Good question...), the Festival features the cream (or low fat yoghurt) of Australia's theatrical talent, but the 1996 style of performance is more varied than ever before, and is set to hit Canberra right between the cultural eyes. So screw your procrastination to the sticking place and venture from your nest to explore some of the incredible experiences on the smorgasbord.



The Umbilical Brothers

Heaven By Storm

17-19 October.

Forget that useless page-turning; you'll never learn anything anyway. Better still, tickle your fancy and thump your funny bone into the next century with a visit to the Umbilical Brother's latest embryo, *Heaven by Storm*. Frenetic, fantastic and fucking hilarious, this devilishly dynamic duo have rocked the rest of the world to its foundations, and have returned for the express purpose of dragging Canberra, kicking and screaming, out of the winter funk.

In a high-voltage, fossil-fuel-incinerating performance, the Umbilical Brothers will rattle any student out of pre-exam sludge, and inject all the energy needed to propel you right through to Christmas, and then some.



Blackrock

Nick Enright

3-6 October

Rape is a subject that rips constantly at the superficially normal surface of our society, and in this powerful drama from playwright Nick Enright, the devastating ripples that spread out from such an event are explored in agonising and penetrating detail. A girl is raped and murdered at a beach party, and in the small community of Blackrock, it impacts on every individual, in particular, the friends and family of Jared, who tries to come to terms with his own involvement in the tragedy. *Blackrock* is a confronting theatre piece that deals with the darker sides of Australian society. Featuring a star-studded cast, *Blackrock* recently won the AWGIE award for Best New Play and has received widespread praise from critics.



The North

William Yang

In the era of Pauline Hansen and free speech, being a migrant in Australia is more challenging than ever; more than just a struggle to survive, but a struggle to fight the tide pushing migrants out to the fringes of society and ghettoising them. William Yang's monologue with slides explores his childhood growing up as a Chinese Australian in the dry and dusty country of North Queensland, examining the influence of the incredible landscape on his identity as an Australian. *The North* is a profound look at what it really means to be Australian, and is accompanied by a soundscape of original music from Colin Offord.



Corrugation Road

Jimmy Chi and the Black Swan Theater

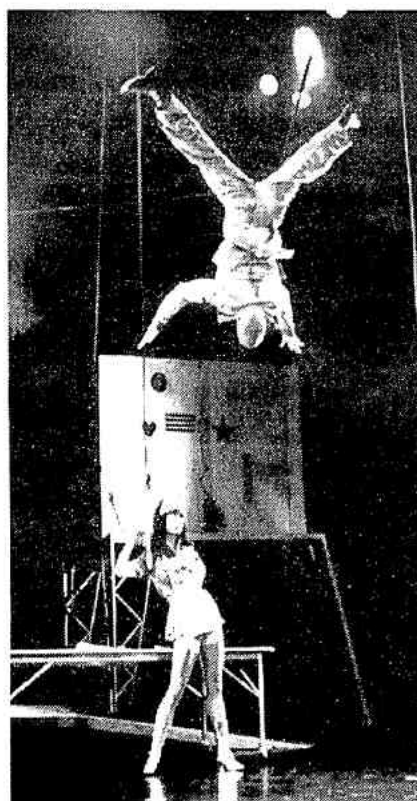
10-14 October

Corrugation Road has got it all; a complete fruit salad of characters portrayed with colour and pizzazz, a red-hot musical score with samples of everything from hot gospel to reggae and blue, and a storyline guaranteed to grab your brain, have sex with it and then toast it on the post-coital cigarette.

Meet Barry; after celebrating Christmas by graffitiing a city landmark, he finds himself incarcerated in a psychiatric hospital under the tender care of Siamese twins Dr Fruitcake and Dr Basketcase, who, incidently, can't seem to make up

their minds on the issue of psychiatry. And that's not even the punch line.

This is a sneak preview of the new musical from the creators of the smash hit *Bran Nue Dae*, and will soon be enjoying its world premier at the Melbourne International Festival, so get in quick and beat the rush.



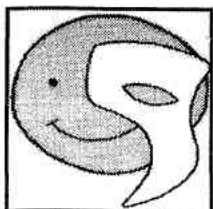
The Dark

Rock 'N' Roll Circus

9-12 October

This is theatre like you've never experienced it before. It grabs you by the short and curlies, and throws you into a morass of sex, erotica, sadism, mystery, psychedelia, insanity and pure black magic. Described as a cross between Salvador Dali and Barnum & Bailey, the Rock 'N' Roll Circus revels in a distinct style of visual, physical and psychological theatre that has stunned audiences across Australia.



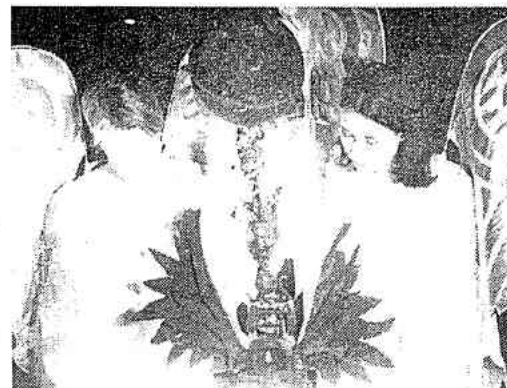
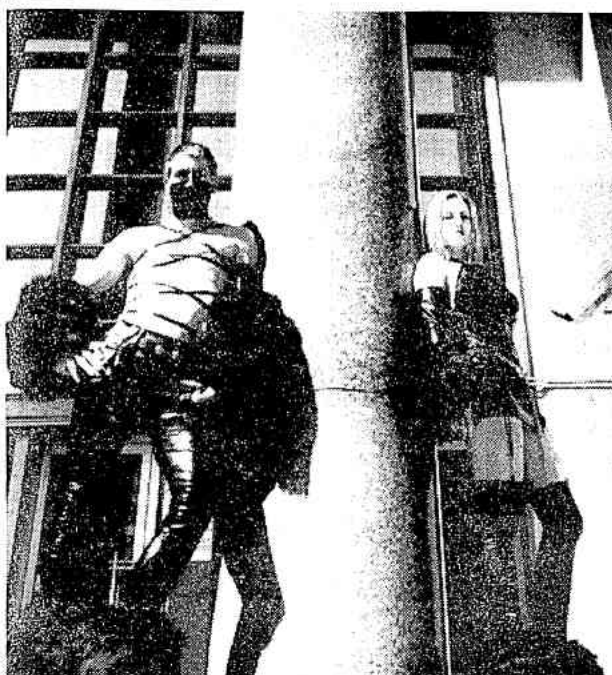


Faust - The Heat of Knowledge
Splinters Theatre

Finally, an event in the 50th Anniversary celebrations that will rock this sedate and complacent institution to its distinguished foundations; presented by Splinters-You've Got It We'll Blow It Up³-Theatre of Spectacle, with an original score by Larry Sitsky and in association with performers from Stopera, CADS, and the School of Art. *Faust* is here, and he's possessed.

In this choreographed pyrotechnic calamity, we follow Goethe's character of Faust as he sinks to Hell in the quest for knowledge, finally selling his soul to the devil (sound familiar?). Director Patrick Troy has executed a spectacular rework of the twenty-two hour long original, condensing it to a succinct and powerful new form that surfs the classic themes of man versus nature, good versus evil, while swinging from the existentialist to the erotic.

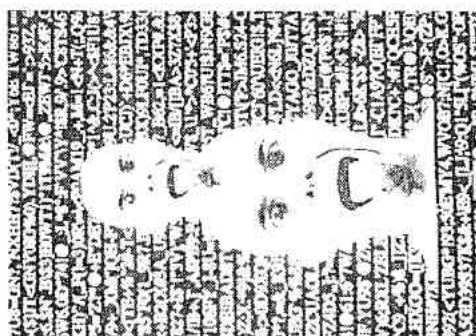
The performance will be staged around the unsuspecting University House, which hopefully will still be intact after it all. Splinters Theatre are notorious for their pyrotechnic flamboyance, and this production promises to be a blast from Hades itself. *Faust* also features the highly successful band Sidewinder and the Black Poodle Club, a fetish-girl dance troupe that enjoys frolicking in leather, latex and stilettos.



skadada

9-13 October

The Age of Technology is here, influencing every part of our lives including the theatre. *skadada* is a cutting edge performance that skillfully combines bizarre stories and songs with computer manipulated sounds and visuals to produce a surreal atmosphere in which the themes of evolution and technology are explored.



Daze of our Lives
inspired by the
work of Mary
Leunig.

15-19 October

Mary Leunig is renowned for her unique and often profound art and cartoons, in which house-bound heroines battle tyrannical teapots and the safe and secure aspects of life merge into a shadowy world of unreality. *Daze of our Lives* is Leunig's visual poetry brought to life by the illusionary puppetry of Handspan Theatre combined with the talents of a live performer.



Lano and Woodley
Fence

10-13 October

Lano and Woodley have been described as everything from "Laurel and Hardy on speed" to "reincarnations of Buster Keaton will lobotomies and a firm grip on the funny bone". Australia's daggiest dynamic duo have taken slapstick comedy and given it a facelift that would make La Toya Jackson jealous, with a combination of modern dance, the green banana effect (don't ask...) and complete madness that will leave your dimples permanently attached to your earlobes. Brothers Colin and Frank can each boast of less than auspicious beginnings in the theatre world; Colin first acted at the age of 6, playing a 60 year old camel attendant in 'Joseph and his Technicolour Dreamcoat' with a fake beard and spirit gum up his nostril, while Frank scored his first



This is just a small sample of the wonders that await you during the National Theatre Festival. A full list of the performances and exhibitions of the Festival is detailed in the Theatre Festival Brochure which is available from a variety of places, including the ANU Students' Association Office.

The National Festival of
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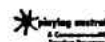
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OPTUS
Beyond the Call



Sweet Relief 2

The Songs of Vic Chesnutt

Four years ago, respected singer/songwriter Victoria Williams was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis. Being a poor musician she didn't have health insurance and was unable to pay her medical bills. It was here that the Sweet Relief concept was born. Many fellow musicians who were big fans of her music each covered one of her songs and a compilation CD was released, the proceeds going to help defray the cost of her medical treatment. Artists who contributed included Lou Reed, Pearl Jam, Evan Dando, Soul Asylum and Buffalo Tom.

Vic Chesnutt, who also suffers from a serious medical condition, is the subject of Sweet Relief 2, and like its predecessor it brings to greater public attention a

songwriter who has enormous talent and has until now been worshipped only by those in the know. Artists who pledged their support on number 2 include R.E.M., Garbage, The Smashing Pumpkins, Indigo Girls, and Joe Henry + Madonna.

On the CD sleeve, each of the artists explain why they contributed to this CD and what the music of Vic Chesnutt means to them. Joe Henry, an underground hero himself, who duets with his sister-in-law Madonna, says "Beyond its public campaign and flash patrons, Sweet Relief is the simplest and most sensible of charities. And Vic Chesnutt — make no mistake — is a star, with or without any qualifying footnotes. Long may he wave." Ed Kowalczyk from the band Live says

"Vic Chesnutt is a hero of mythological proportions. Men of his greatness are usually dead by the time I discover them, but Vic is alive, very much alive." But perhaps the most pithy of statements comes from R.E.M., "Vic is cherry pie."

The music of Vic Chesnutt is probably best described as southern American folk. Wonderfully simple songs full of heart-break, long hours on the road, crummy small towns and out of body experiences. The varied interpretations of these songs, however, is what gives Sweet Relief 2 its strength. The Smashing Pumpkins do an industrial tinged version of "Sad Peter Pan" with help from Chicago band Red Red Meat, Garbage have a crack at "Kick My Ass" complementing the song perfectly with their distinct prog-pop

sound and Live do a version a "Supernatural" which was part of their MTV Unplugged performance. The two standout tracks of this release are "Dodge" done by Peter Stuart of dog's eye view with his croaky voice and out of tune acoustic guitar, and a duet between Chesnutt himself and Victoria Williams on a song they co-wrote for this album.

This compilation has opened my eyes to a songwriter I had never heard of before and it will surely have me searching through his back catalogue. Not only does Sweet Relief 2 have excellent songs by some of the premier artists of the moment but it is also a worthwhile charity in support of the man responsible for this music.

Phil Hall



Bluebottle Kiss

Fear Of Girls

I admit that I have never really paid much attention to the antics of Bluebottle Kiss. They have supported bands on numerous occasions at the unibar, and have a few releases already under their belt, so with my prior lack of knowledge on the bands sound and experience I warily left the Woroni office with their latest album in hand - "Fear Of Girls".

After I'd allowed the album to lay motionless and untouched a top of my CD collection for more than a few days I finally decided that the time had come for me to whack it under the laser and to open my ears to the melodies of the Aussie act.

It took me no more than two runs through of the entire disk for me to come to the conclusion that this is THE album of 1996. Mind you this year has definitely seen some excellent releases from both overseas and Aussie bands, Pearl Jam released No Code, Powderfinger released Double Allergic and Tumbleweed - Return to Earth, but I have to say, that until "Fear of Girls" miraculously fell into my hands I was yet to hear an album which enthralled me as much as this one. I still can't get enough of it, its the type

of CD which can be listened to repeatedly, bringing constant, heightening satisfaction; a rare feat for most albums which I have reviewed lately.

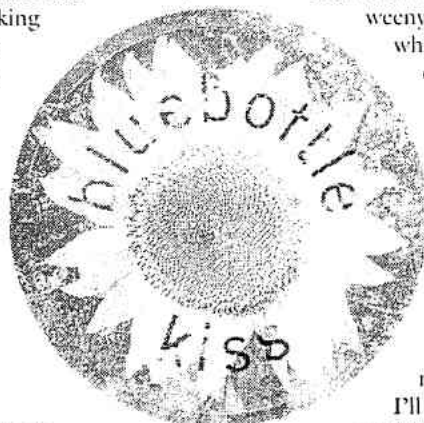
Fear Of Girls is a compilation of rich and sensuous, yet at the same time groovy and rocking tracks. In this album Bluebottle Kiss have managed to combine a range of interesting sounds using your everyday instruments in a way different to many other bands, they combine noisy guitar riffs with sensual slow and innocent notes, as explored in the first track of the album "Claim". This song, along with the other fourteen on the disc is a definite gem, but may I go as far as to say that if "Claim" is comparable to a ruby, the second track, "Helping You Hate Me" is a definite diamond, its sound keeps me in an amazing rapture,

and I am in no way spinning shit.

Even as I type this review I listen to the disc. Hell, these songs are all that damn good that I'm feeling more and more compelled to tell you the highlights of each one. If it wasn't for the teeny weeny bit of self control

which I possess this review could well have been published as a short novel. Each track holds its own exquisite beauty, (in no way begin to think that I have been brainwashed or am prejudiced whatsoever, I tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth).

I'll even go as far as to admit that I was so impressed by this release that I immediately headed for the local music shop to get a print out of their file, I can tell you now that when I have a few spare dollars I'll be off to invest in their first major release "Higher Up The Firetrails". Anyway, quickly back to the songs, number six is a



nicely rocking track, the following song "Dragee Fauna" is a strangely enticing jumble of whispered lyrics backed by an almost hypnotic bit of music which transcends into a disorientating noise. Track ten, "Outside Are The Dogs" is a favourite, but is outdone by number eleven, "Loaded To The Gills", which is a slower and more sensitive sounding melody. We now come to the track "Rust And The Time", this has a faster beat and has been released as the major single for the album.

Fear Of Girls is a disc full of great songs. I truly hope that I haven't bored you all too much with the amount of praise I have given to this release, it is all well deserved, and by all means next time you're flipping through the CD's at Impact make a little trip over to the "alternative" section and have a quick listen to this one. Ohh, and before I forget, make sure to keep an ear open for track number thirteen, "You're Gonna Be On Your Own Soon", in my opinion it is the best song of the entire fifteen tracks, mind you it took me a long time to decide I actually had a favourite...that's how good "Fear Of Girls" is.

by Sajade.

New Adventures in Hi-Fi

R.E.M. (Warner Bros.)

Human beings love to categorize, it seems. When "E-Bow the Letter", a single off R.E.M.'s latest album, *New Adventures in Hi-Fi*, was first played on Triple J, DJs and listeners felt that the new album would be a return to *Automatic for the People*. I found myself in that group. After my first listen to *New Adventures*, however, I considered that I had prejudiced the entire album with one single. Rather than echoing the angst-ridden and emotional testimony of *Automatic* (which I thought was a class piece), the rough, jarring guitar riffs and whiny electrical howl-around in songs such as "Undertow" seemed to be more like R.E.M.'s first adventures in music, a deliberate amateur sound heard in the earlier albums and subsequently resurrected on *Monster*. Either way, I thought to myself, it's hardly a "new" sound for

Michael Stipe's boys. It took a few more listens for me to realise I was being too hasty.

New Adventures in Hi-Fi, turns out to be an appropriate title to this work. It's like a smorgasbord, each track a separate dish on a great menu, the only real connection between them being Stipe's great voice (I mean starting with what is a rough, non-musical, and basically crap voice, Stipe manages to cultivate a vocal effect in his songs which I think is comparable only to what Bono can do). Having said that Stipe still explores a new oral adventure on each track. Some songs seem very familiar ("The Wake-Up Bomb" just reeks of "Blush with Eyeliner"), and others I reckon have detectable influences from past songs (covering about all of the 50, 000 or so albums that R.E.M. have released since the early

80's). All these songs are a new experiment, trying to use the old to help the evolution into something new.

But it's not all a re-hash of previous experiments. My very first impressions were far from the truth. As I always say about good albums, it gets more individual and more exciting each time I listen to it. A new kind of funky lilting almost country-like sound pervades this CD. A clever piece of producing put "How the West was Won and Where it Got Us" at the top of the list and it sets the listener up for what the rest of the songs are gonna be like. My own opinion is that this is the best title to a song I have heard in ages. R.E.M. aren't just telling us about a series of adventures, they question their effect. It's one thing to win the West, but was it worth it? Anyway, musically this song combines

soft guitar with piano and mandolin to give the listener a really new subtle sound, like I said, almost country like. Of course this is overlaid by Stipe's audacious vocals. Other songs that offer new sounds brilliantly interplayed with creatively sung lyrics are "Leave", and "Electrolite". The latter is quite good and a little cheeky and finishes the album, with a very mellow catchy rhythm and a piano chord which just, only just reminds one of "Nightswimming".

Overall this is a very creative album. I am constantly amazed how a band which seems to derive its individuality entirely from one man's voice can be so consistently innovative in a way which extends, rather than breaks "their" sound. I guarantee that R.E.M. fans will love *New Adventures* simultaneously for its familiarity and its originality.

Tree-Frog



Classic Crap

I notice that the last person to write one of these began by agonising over finding the book, film and album which have had the most profound influence on his life. I'd like to start right now by pointing out that these are **not** the most influential works upon myself because (a) I was asked to do this thing on very short notice and (b) because I'm not in a particularly introspective mood, and feel no desire to analyse myself out of existence. Let's face it, I do not feel equal to the challenge of sifting through the veritable deluge of entertainment that has been flooding the system since I was a child to choose those that I love best. After all, I am of the mass media generation. These things are my children. So here are a few items which I feel strongly about, and that I think are worth checking out.

The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy

I was going to do Virginia Woolf's Orlando for this part. Highly superior book, one of the most interesting and amusing I've read, I do recommend picking one up. But if we're going to go for pure influence, it's hard to go past the old Trilogy in Four Parts (ok, five, but who's counting). Ok, so we all know that the radio plays were better, but they lack that extra something found in the detail and pure accessibility of the books. The interesting thing about this series is that it

You Am I/ Powderfinger

Unibar, Sept 2

It was a last minute decision to trot along to the unibar a few weeks ago to see Powderfinger and You Am I, I think that it had something to do with the fact that I'd somehow managed to find one solitary twenty dollar note sitting all by itself in my bank account. Thinking to myself, that this poor lonely twenty dollar note could not be left alone I decided to quickly withdraw him from the confines of the dark and horrible automatic teller machine, and put him to better use. I think that my choice to go was also swayed by the other important facts; one, that I knew full well that Austudy was to be landing in bank accounts across the nation the very next day, and two, because I've really quite enjoyed listening to Powderfinger's latest album on Triple J.

As my friend and I walked through the grand entrance to the refectory I remained unaware that this was to be the dawning of a new era for myself, it was to be the christening of Sajade in to the world of crowd surfing ecstasy.

It wasn't a long wait before the boys from Powderfinger graced the stage and ripped into their set. I had a good groove up front, mind you the crowd once again didn't get overly enthusiastic until songs such as "D.A.F (cascading down)" and "Pick You Up" were performed, but you grow to expect this from the unibar over-eighteen gig going crowd. That is they only really go off to the big hits of the band; too bad if you're a lesser known group because then the crowd usually sit there like a pack of stunned mullets leaving a nice piece of linoleum for the band to look at whilst they try to paste smiles of happiness onto their faces. Anyway back to the real deal Powderfinger were good but they were nothing in comparison to the forthcoming

has made an observable impact on society. 'Don't Panic' can be found written in large friendly letters on many a document (including, I might mention, the ANU student diary from a few years back), Marvin was only the first in a line of manic depressive robots and the number 42 keeps popping up everywhere (you might notice it's a recurring theme on the X Files). Now, I know that an obsession with this novel is usually associated with computer-head geeks (not making any comment about my own personality). But the extreme bizarre wittiness of these books, inspired when young computer geek Douglas Adams was lying drunk in the middle of a field in Austria, 1971, will definitely appeal to anyone who gives them a go. This series of books is like the Goodies- there are just too many classic moments to choose a favourite. After all, these are the books that proved to us that the population of the universe is nil, that God does not exist, and that Elvis was kidnapped by aliens. I leave you with God's Final Message to man, written in thirty-foot-high letters beyond the Limitless Lightfields of Flanux- 'Sorry for the inconvenience'.

Amadeus- soundtrack

Ok, so saying Mozart influenced my life is perhaps a bit of a cliché. And listening to a soundtrack collection of his

delights of that night. Now, if I can just take a few steps back to refresh your memories, can you recall that earlier I said nothing about You Am I being the one to draw me to the gig that night, and that's not because I forgot to mention them. You Am I are a band who have never really done all that much for me in the past. None of their albums have set my heart ticking any faster, yet I'll have admit that all their music is classic. Every one of their songs released to date has the potential to be released as a single, they cater to a rather wide audience, and I think I can go as far as to say that any true collector of worthwhile music owns one of their CD's.... I know I surely do, mind you it is in pristine condition and only rarely makes the trip from the slopes of the CD pile onto the playing field. So you can imagine the surprise and delight that overcame me as the trio rocked onto the stage. I had just managed to squeeze my way up relatively close to the front of the stage when the boys ripped into their set, playing songs from all three albums, and keeping the stage warm..... no, wrong choice of words, keeping the stage sizzling hot for well over one and a half hours.

We heard tracks such as Mr Milk, through to Purple Sneakers and Ken The Mother Natures Son, along with many other good ones. It was mid-way through the gig that my trusty male accompaniment gave me an upwards signal, indicating that he'd give me a lift up on top of the crowd of thrashing bodies to go for a surf. I myself signalled back to him that he could get stuffed, there was no way in hell I was getting up there. Unfortunately my signal and reply came too late for within seconds I was being hoisted up on top of the crowd and was experiencing my first ever surf. After that one initial go, I realised

works, rather than a collection put together by the worthy scholars of some miscellaneous symphony orchestra is perhaps a bit tacky. But, to be quite frank, this was a good movie with a great soundtrack. Its secret lies in the fact that the producer, director and musical director locked themselves in a barn with great acoustics for two weeks with every recording of Mozart that they could get their hands on, and came out with the best. Two tapes (one long cd) of his best work, in its best recordings. In all my Mozart listening days I've found only one or two pieces that truly stand out from the crowd that are missing from this soundtrack. This makes wonderful background or foreground music. Perfect for studying to (everyone knows Mozart increases your intelligence), if you don't mind having to pause occasionally for a truly orgasmic harmony that you just can't ignore. This is the music I want played at my funeral.

Yentl

I admit straight away that this is probably not the movie which has had the most influence on my life. But have you ever tried to pick one that has? There are literally dozens of films that I have seen dozens of times, each of them becoming a major part of my being. So

out of the multitude I chose this one, partly because it was the first movie written, directed and starred in by a single woman (maybe produced, funded and gaffered too, I'm not sure), partly because I think that it is underrated by much of the population, and partly because there seems to be an alarming number of gender bending films recurring-throughout my childhood (Tootsie, All of Me, Just One of the Guys), and I thought I should pick an accurate representative. Ok, so it's a musical. And I know a lot of people have trouble with Barbara Streisand. But re-watching this film recently after many years break, it still brought tears to my eyes. It is a very touching love story with a feminist slant, which allows many moments of humour. Besides which, no matter what anyone says, this is a beautiful woman with a beautiful voice (if you don't have a problem with noses). Plus there's the added bonus of Mandy Inigo-from-Princess-Bride Patinkin. He doesn't get to sing (though I understand he has a lovely singing voice) but he does skinny dip. This is a movie for all of us who would make terrible housewives, encouraging us to appreciate the times we live in.

Jessica Coates

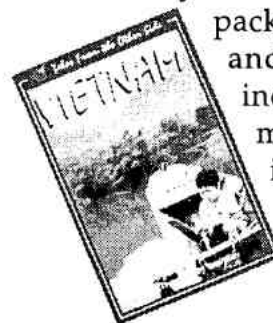
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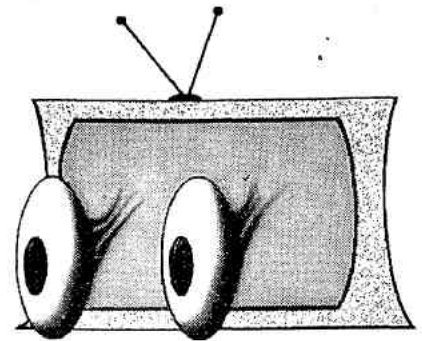


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Rats In The Ranks :

A day in the main nest

Collq. to desert one's party or associates, esp. in time of trouble

Blatant humanity fed on a diet of self-seeking politics squirms on the screen in all its hilarity and you laugh. For *Rats in the Ranks* is as accurate a documentary of the petty tyranny of Australian politics ever made. It chronicles the week leading up to the September Sydney Leichhardt Council mayor elections in which incumbent Larry Hand is seeking re-election for a fourth term. He is popular with the citizenry but requires a majority of votes from the 12 other councillors to be reappointed. He needs the numbers and has so little respect for any of the other contenders he will stretch every which way to get them.

The film makers Bob Connolly and Robin Anderson chose to film the seat of Leichhardt as it is their constituency and

a street petition that involved the council had years earlier divided their street in anger. Their technique of emersing a film crew amongst its film topics worked well for them in their brilliant and critically acclaimed Papua New Guinean documentary *Black Harvest* and has produced a result of equal integrity with this film. For with emersion comes acceptance and a greater relaxation of your subject. Larry Hand was more than happy to let them film, as he stated he wanted to show the system for what it was, to air the system in truth.

Truth is captured in *Rats in the Ranks* in a dazzling array of political buggery. Parties have their divisions leaked to the press, people are manipulated, others are lied to and left red-faced and alone and no one is really sure who will win, only who they want and definitely do not want

to be mayor. The audience has trouble containing its mirth at the backstabbing and petty tyranny of politics that enrapt all the council members. At the premier Canberra screening in new Parliament House Larry Hand, now a consultant, could be heard laughing at decisions made and people manoeuvred. His expression after the film was one of 'its a mug sport but I didn't make the rules I just played by them and happened to win'. Asked if the final scenes had been stacked with his supporters Hand was fast to reply with a smirk, 'no, but I have stacked it in the past to get my way'. He also believed the film would do nothing to make the system more honest or lead to a public outcry and it had had no influence on his retiring from the political world.

The reality of the film making Connolly and Anderson pointed out was having three film crews running at one time and having to edit in the end over 100,000 metres of film. They also pointed out that while the film concentrates on political number chasing Larry Hand put in up to 100 hour weeks for a mere

\$40,000 a year. Connolly was adamant that the film process had not been one of a self guided consciousness designed to expose but one that was freely curious and in its unknown gaze had captured the low pulse of politics. *Rats in the Ranks* is a world class documentary that may pick up an Oscar, but for Australia it is one of the most important and honest comments on politics ever captured, scurry along.

Robert Umphelby



Former Leichhardt Mayor and film subject, Larry Hand.



Kabuto

Siren Entertainment

The lone figure approaches the gates of a town, casting a shadow over the landscape. Above, three rotting bodies swing on a makeshift gallows; a raven circles. Could be a scene from any western, but actually it is the opening to *Kabuto*, a Manga cartoon film.

For those to whom Manga is unfamiliar, cast your minds back to childhood: remember *G-Force*, *Astro Boy*, *Speed Racer*, or *Robotech*? All of these cartoons came out of a Japanese animation industry that stood apart from the cutesy wackiness and visual stylistics of American cartoons. Instead they represented something more realistic, often using more violent and usually more detailed images, complicated plots and adult concepts. At times they can approach an art form. From the independence of the Japanese cartoon industry, series were created with greater imagination and more gripping storylines. Sci-fi and fantasy Manga films are now catering to a growing adult market and feature violence that would have Quentin Tarantino squirming in his seat and which

easily earns them MA and R ratings.

Kabuto is relatively tame fare; set in a fantasy world where warriors who still fight with swords coexist with robots and helicopters. Kabuto is a legendary martial artist and swordfighter who returns to the town where he grew up only to discover it has come under the control of an evil witch-queen who has enslaved the inhabitants and imprisoned the princess who was his childhood friend.

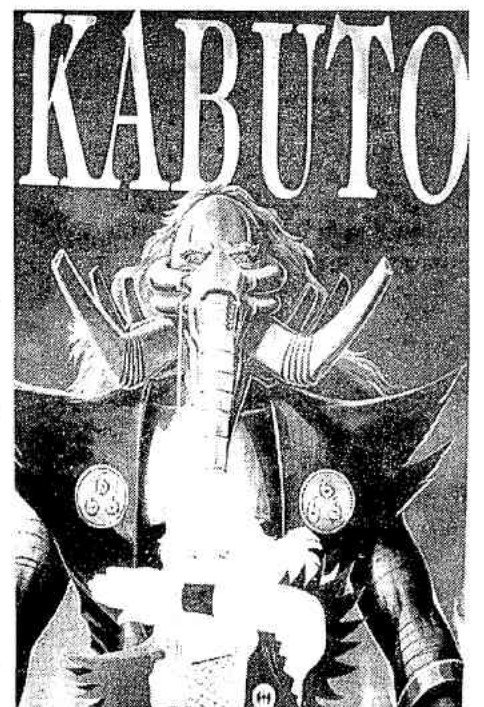
"Sci-fi and fantasy Manga films are now catering to a growing adult market and feature violence that would have Quentin Tarantino squirming in his seat..."

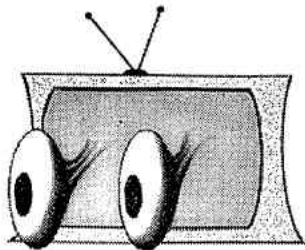
Ok. So the plots in these films aren't always that complicated. Naturally, *Kabuto* must dispatch the multitudes of

baddies with as much cunning, strength and violence as it is possible to fit into 45 minutes. This is pretty much par for the course, and *Kabuto* follows a fairly standard western storyline and outcomes. Usual tropes are evoked, with Kabuto having to fight more and more powerful and nasty bad guys, and travel through more and more devilish traps.

In many film genres there are stereotypes and expected cliches, and Manga is no different. *Kabuto* is a fairly standard Manga film and although it sets no new standards, it is entertaining and colourful and provides as a good introduction to the genre as any. If you're looking for a ground breaker or something that transcends the expected norms, in the case of Manga, that film is *Akira*. Spectacularly drawn, wonderfully moody, and well plotted, it is something like the *Citizen Kane* of the Manga world. Everyone wants to make an *Akira*.

Owen Larkin





Malibu Shores — who remembers Shakespeare anyway?

Malibu Shores

No one could accuse Aaron Spelling of a surfeit of imagination or courage, and so it is not surprising that he has reverted to one of the oldest and most successful genres ever, the tragic romance, for his new series. He does have, however, a touching lack of faith in educational standards, or an insight into the indifference of his viewer, shamelessly ripping off *Romeo and Juliet* for all the important elements of *Malibu Shores* (Ten, 7.30pm Sundays). What he has added, sturdy socialist that he is, is a theme of class conflict. Thus Chloe (Juliet) intones with worldly wiseness at the beginning of the episode that there are only eighteen miles between Malibu and a place called "the Valley", but "in reality they're worlds apart".

From that point, it is a grinding inevitability that this privileged daughter of a lawyer and a surgeon will meet up with a Valley boy. The scene moves quickly to Zack (Romeo) then, who is forced to move on while skate-boarding with some friends by a security guard, establishing just what bad news he is. The two income-bracket crossed lovers meet on another piece of private property, a Malibu beach. Thankfully, Zack gets arrested before he compares her to a summer's day, but after he gets her phone number.

At the Pacific Coast High School, which has the social dynamics of the school in *Clueless*, without the redeeming satirical intent, Zack and Chloe meet again. Their romance is not popular. Chloe's brother, and a jealous would-be boyfriend called Teddy, band together after the melee that

momentarily enlivened the scene at the beach. To demonstrate how opposed they are to inter-class fraternisation, they carry out a mob style hit on the garbage bags outside of Zack's valley hovel. This provokes somebody, only possibly Zack, to retaliate by burning down Teddy's house. If that smacks of being a little disproportionate, we can be sure Spelling will try hard to make it seem reasonable. If necessary, Shakespeare can be called upon again. Even so, it was hard not to more generally agree with Zack's protestations of innocence: "This is all just a big

mistake."

The Buccaneers

The ABC probably wasn't too worried that it was limiting its audience by showing Edith Wharton's *The Buccaneers* at the same time as *Malibu Shores*. For those who have not seen enough of impractically dressed maidens and foppish young bachelors since *Pride and Prejudice*, this television adaptation comes as welcome relief. Some of the young men are more foppish than Edith Wharton ever imagined them to be, but then as she was careless enough to leave her last work

incomplete, she has only herself to blame.

With only vague notes to work from, the producer of the series, Maggie Wadey, has considerable freedom. She has exercised it well in *The Buccaneers*, which focuses on the marital machinations of a group of eligible young American debutantes, who have come to England to acquire themselves husbands. Principle amongst them is Nan St. George, so sensitive and idealistic a creature that one fears she must come to a bad end. If it sounds reminiscent of Jane Austen, it's because it is. However, while Austen was interested in the respectably destitute, Wharton goes for the indecently wealthy. It is wealth which doesn't stop fretful mothers assessing each others' daughters like cattle, and wishing for their own a husband from England, where, as Laura Testvalley, the girl's governess puts it: "a gentleman does not earn money".

The daughters' means of attracting bachelors is to rent an English cottage, Runnymede, and run exuberantly around the hills, filling the land with their ill-disguised American accents. One gentleman has calmed them down enough to get them in his punt without overturning it, but things have progressed no further. Nan St. George, on the other hand, has been haunting brooding Cornish castles, and run into the mysterious, reclusive, Julius (played wonderfully by James Frain). His worst fear is being "hunted" for his title and its attendant capital, and one had to sympathise with him in his extraordinary unluckiness in meeting even so beguiling a bounty hunter.

Garth Crawford



The Phantom Greater Union

There's always something about men in lycra. Be they cyclists, aerobics instructors or just Adam West, there are certain problems with taking them seriously. To this end, Billy Zane's costume wasn't necessarily the best start to the Phantom's move to the big screen. Further, why cast a man with such extraordinary eyebrows and lick-spit curl to his hair in a mask?

But let us start with a bottom line to this film: how does Zane as the Phantom stand up against Keaton as Batman, Beatty as Dick Tracey, Baldwin as The Shadow and Petti as Tank Girl? Well, its watchable if you're looking for a action-adventure film who's hero defies the humanly possible and stretches credibility at every possible turn. Frankly this genre of recent comic re-makes on the big screen has to be topped by *The Shadow*, closely followed by the first of the recent Batman flicks (principally because of Jack Nicholson's Joker). In a close field *Tank Girl* pulls out third, and *Dick Tracey* and *The Phantom* battle it out for second last over *Batman Forever*.

Now why this assessment? Well, anyone who gets *The Shadow* out on video and then goes to see the *Phantom* will get the point: both are about characters who gain

powers/training in exotic wilderness locations, and then wind up in the big city of New York to perform most of their heroing. Both are set in the inter-war Art



Deco period and have opportunities for lavish sets and costuming in keeping with this sumptuous period. Further, both have a PG rating, but one manages to do far more with the playful possibilities of

sexual tension between the male and female leads. On all of these fronts *The Shadow* tops the *The Phantom*, hands down. And, unlike all the other films mentioned in this review, *The Phantom* really doesn't have any particularly memorable one-liners.

If anything, *The Phantom* is rather reminiscent of *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* (particularly the opening sequence) one action-adventure hero must save the world from the evil of a would-be dictator who is scrambling to reassemble an ancient artefact of exceptional mystic power. However, having said all of this, *The Phantom* is an enjoyable action-adventure comedy: Zane puts in a reasonably solid performance (and for a single shot in New York is the spitting image of the Phantom's comic-book secret identity, the enigmatic Mr. Walker in his small, round dark glasses), and Patrick McGovern does a great job as the Phantom's father. There is a very watchable female pirate, and also a "feisty" love-interest who turns out to be a fairly dab hand at hitting male thugs where it really, really hurts. The character

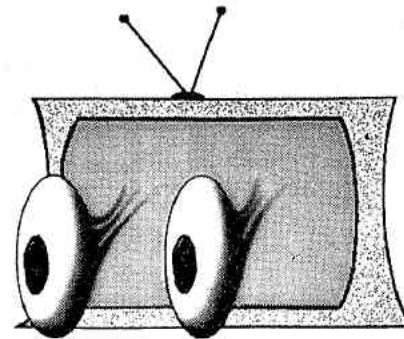
Xander Drax is also a somewhat different take on the gloating mega-villain, as he spends most of the film acting like a rather charming, likeable (if insane and murderous) gut with a very chatty dialogue style.

I stumbled into this film on a half-price



ticket and stomach full of pasta and red wine with no intention of doing any real thinking and actually quite enjoyed myself. I thoroughly recommend it to anyone else finding themselves in the same position. Otherwise, if you like comic-action flicks, catch it on video.

Champagne Charlie



Confessional Center Cinema

In fulfilling the prestigious role of opening film in the Director's fortnight at the Cannes Film Festival *The Confessional* worked to stage the genius of director Robert Lepage.

Until recently unknown outside Quebec, Lepage's multi-layered psychological drama has both an intellectual and visual eloquence.

The predominant theme of the film is the need for an individual to establish their past in order to survive in the present. This theme is best illustrated by the central character Pierre's (Lothaire Bluteau of *Jesus of Montreal* and *Black Robe* fame) statement that "The past carries the present like a child on his shoulder". This theme is developed in terms of the plot by the returning of

Pierre to his home town for his father's funeral. Upon returning home Pierre successfully manages to locate his adopted brother Marc and together they begin the search for Marc's real father. Cinematic development of the theme occurs through the use of two time periods, the past, 1952 Quebec City which is host to the filming of Alfred Hitchcock's *I confess*, and the present modern day Quebec, which run parallel to each other throughout the film. The final reference to the theme is made in the final scene where Pierre walks off with Marc's child, the future, on his shoulders.

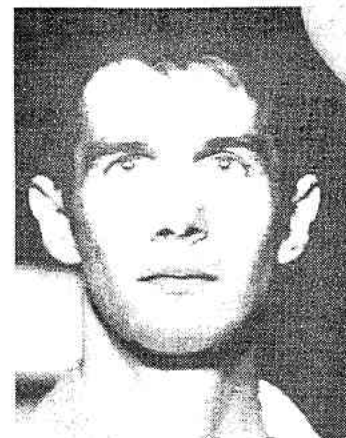
Visually the film is stimulating. The intermingling of footage from Hitchcock's *I confess* with modern

references to Hitchcock films are thoroughly entertaining. Also, clever use of like scenes in past and present make interesting scene transitions.

Characters are sketched methodically rather than drawn in the crude felt-tip stereotypes of Hollywood. Bluteau as the central character is captivating. Rather than acting he manages to sculpt the role as a second-skin for himself. Relationships within the film, particularly that of the brothers, also seem to carry with them the starch reality long forgotten by Hollywood.

Rather than a must see, this film is a should see. Do yourself a favour. 8.5 out of 10.

Siobhan McDonnell



Lothaire Bluteau - *The Thinking Woman's Luke Perry?*

Hunchback Of Notre Dame Greater Union Manuka

In light of the incredible triumphs Disney has enjoyed over the last few years in the animated movie department, I went into this latest offering expecting to be rocked to my sentimental and soppy foundations. Of course I was, but it wasn't to the same level on the Richter Scale that made me fall in love with Simba or want to have my very own Genie in my pocket for entertainment and free TimTams.

The Disney formula is fail proof; a gorgeous girlie with bedroom eyes that'd make Brad Pitt dump old whateverson in a second, a hunky, gallant, and vaguely witty hero, and the poor old ugly

duckling who never fails to arouse stirring pity in our heart.

The storyline is a Disney-ised version of the Victor Hugo classic, but the character of the hunchback Quasimodo has been whitewashed, from an originally Phantom of the Opera-esque misunderstood monster to a cringing, ingratiating figure. The basic storyline is that Quasimodo is the stolen child of a gypsy woman, raised in a bell tower as the captive son of the evil Frollo.

The movie opens during the Festival of Fools, during which Quasimodo encounters the spell-binding beauty of

Esmerelda, whom he befriends and later shelters from the bad guy. The other good guy is Captain of the Guard, who also falls in love with Esmerelda, and with Quasimodo's reluctant help, saves her from the evil clutches of Frollo, who dies an inevitably fiery and dramatic death.

The comic relief comes from three excitable gargoyles who serve an amusing running commentary on the state of Quasimodo's love-life, but unfortunately, they're not quite up to par with Timon and Pumbaa from the *Lion King*.

This is touted as a wonderful children's film, but judging from the gurgles, gasps

and shrieks from the little targs sitting behind me, it was not only a bit too far above their heads, but managed to scare them stupid.

Despite this failing, the animation is absolutely superb with the same incredible depth shots that earned *Beauty and the Beast* an Oscar Nomination, the attention to fine details that makes the large crowd scenes masterpieces in themselves.

This is definitely a give-or-take Disney offering, but if you're light on the funds, I'd save up for the next one.

Princess of Frogballs

it was thirty years ago today

Terence Spencer

One of the greatest regrets of my short life has been that I was not born in the 50s, and therefore not one of the privileged individuals to be a young adult during the reign of the Beatles. Such, however, was the luck of Terence Spencer, a photographer with *Life Magazine* who somehow found himself as an official photographer for the Beatles, just when they began their meteoric rise to superstardom. After three months on the road with the band, he had collected a wealth of photos of the four stars in their more intimate moments, as well as some classic photos of their characteristic

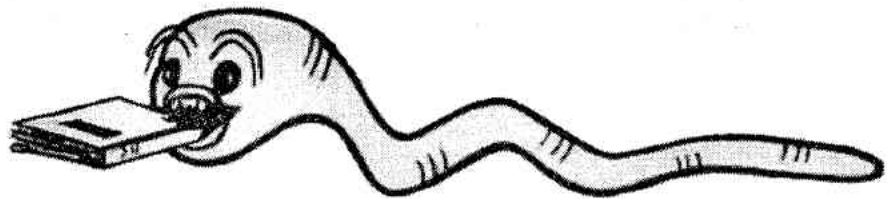
performance moments.

Although very light on text (do we really need any more written on the Beatles?) this book is crammed full of some of the most extraordinary photos of the phenomenon known as the Beatles, cleverly revealing them for what they really were; four young men having a lot of fun in an age of excitement.

This is a collector's item for anyone with even a passing interest in Beatlemania or photography. It is superbly designed and great memorabilia of an age I wish would come again.

Whining Maggot





Kathy Lette

Mad Cows

Fresh from the chilli-hot and snappy pen of Kathy Lette, *Mad Cows* is another incredible testimony to the laugh-power of this brilliant authoress. For those of you unfortunately deprived of her work, she can string together enough punchy one-liners to put Paul Keating out of business, and combine them with a mayhem of mating, mischief and men to produce a novel that is better than any orgasm, and considerably more amusing.

Mad Cows is the inevitable and long-awaited sequel to her first triumph of *Foetal Attraction*, which featured the leggy and luscious Maddy who followed her Bonk of the Year across to London, where he unceremoniously revealed the tableau of a wife and kids, of which Maddy was not to be a part, until she discovers she is pregnant.

In *Mad Cows*, Maddy's day begins when she ventures out to Harrods for a

packet of prunes and ends it in Holloway Women's Prison, complete with baby, curry nappy, leaking nipples, a lawyer whose fee is a little stiff and a lusty lesbian called Sputnik.

Doing what any other incarcerated mother would never contemplate, Maddy offloads baby Jack onto her friend Gillian; a chronic Husband-Hunter looking for "a sperm happy to get egg all over its face". Saddled with an unexpectedly early offspring, Gillian is set on roller coaster of a learning curve, which sees her reduced to being an Image Palette Consultant who does the horizontal tango for some extra cash, whilst simultaneously trying to enroll Jack into the Betty Ford clinic for dummy addicts.

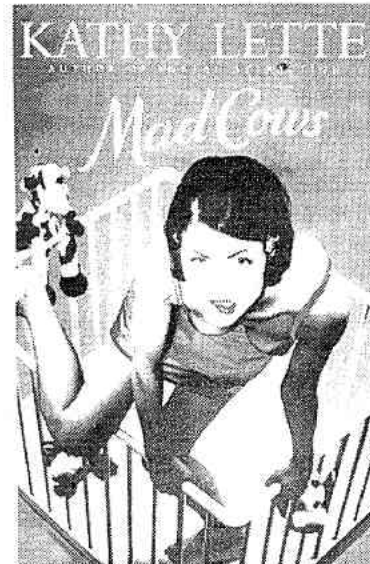
Meanwhile, Alex of the Famous Vamoosing Gene (father of the baby) is doing more vanishing acts than Houdini in a Hall of Mirrors, especially when he

encounters Maddy in Holloway whilst hosting a documentary on female prisoners. It's a less than memorable reunion for Maddy, who is slowly realising she's saddled with the sprog of the Biggest Bastard in Recorded History. And we think we've got problems.

What follows is a rollicking series of accidental adventures that sees Maddy meeting Prince Charles, kidnapping her psychiatrist's cat, escaping during a talk show, stowing away on a yacht to the Bahamas and tipping her breasts down the prison sink.

This is not a book for the faint-hearted or puritan; loaded with sexy, grungy, gutsy, no-holds-barred humour, if you have no innocence left to lose, this is a bed-time story to rival any other.

Nerk.



The Drowner

Robert Drewe

Robert Drewe's seventh work of fiction, which has taken him a decade to complete, is *The Drowner*. Perhaps awed at this thought, it has been hailed by some of the more excitable commentators as a contender for that most elusive of titles, the Great Australian Novel. With dignified immodesty,

Drewe isn't about to deny it that possibility, merely calling it his "big book". He has left it for others to declare the Great Australian Novel, something that surely won't be found until we have the self-confidence to stop looking for it. The agreed upon features are present in *The Drowner* though, a concern for human interaction with our harsh landscape and past, and with each other. With enjoyable perversity, Drewe

chooses water as a motif for his elegantly told love story. William Dance and Angelica Lloyd meet in English baths, and their romance and trials are skilfully united by the author's fascination with the element.

Will is a "drowner" of land, a water engineer who, at the turn of the century, travels from rain-soaked England to the West Australian desert to bring water to the remote goldfields. In his mastery of image, and spare but beautiful descriptions of this quest, Drewe reveals his strongest claim to pre-eminence. *The Drowner* is by an author who enjoys words, weighs and places each without mistaking linguistic asceticism for aestheticism. Even where choices of similes are questionable, his elegiac prose

sustains them. Thus "Night penetrated the water like an old remorse. In the dry air of the water famine the sparks streamed up and levitated over the lake like gusts of mad angels" is memorable for all the wrong reasons, but somehow still plausible. Intermingled with sensuous

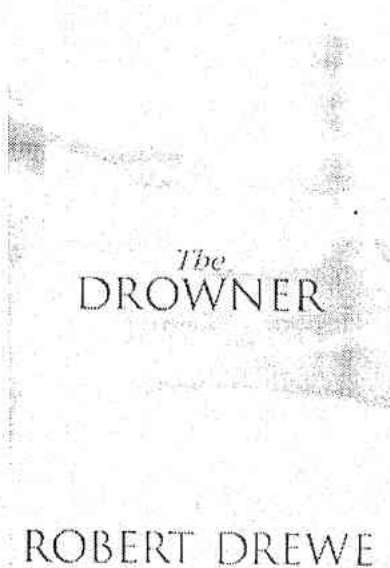
description, even hidden, are Drewe's more personal, shrewd, observations. Will, reflecting on the bewildering change that the isolation of Australia has wrought on Angelica: "thinks how easy it is for the grandest adventure to be negated by a look, a remark, a silence. Maybe worse than missed opportunities are those not missed which should have been."

Drewe's special gift is to make one sense the world more intensely, notice

breaths of wind, the sound of rain, and the quality of light. Which is not to say that the story-telling suffers. The disparate strands of the beginning of *The Drowner*, where it almost seems three novels are being written, are interwoven more and more tightly as the it proceeds to its conclusion in the desert.

With the wryness of an ex-journalist, Robert Drewe would appreciate the irony if his stylistic work, rather than a more dogmatically narrative or self-consciously Australian book were to become the Great Australian Novel. It needn't have to, of course. Released from the weight of such expectations, *The Drowner* still fares very well as a piece of confident, developed writing.

Garth Crawford



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"...and now a love story for the 90's."

There was this male engineer, on a cruise ship in the Caribbean for the first time. It was wonderful, the experience of his life. He was being waited on hand and foot. But, it did not last. A Hurricane came up unexpectedly. The ship went down almost instantly. The man found himself, he knew not how, swept up on the shore of an island. There was nothing else anywhere to be seen. No person, no supplies, nothing. The man looked around. There were some bananas and coconuts, but that was it. He was desperate, and forlorn, but decided to make the best of it. So for the next four months he ate bananas, drank coconut juice and mostly looked to the sea mightily for a ship to come to his rescue.

One day, as he was lying on the beach stroking his beard and looking for a ship, he spotted movement out of the corner of his eye. Could it be true, was it a ship? No, from around the corner of the island came this rowboat. In it was the most gorgeous woman he had ever seen, or at least seen in 4 months. She was tall, tanned, and her blond hair flowing in the sea breeze gave her an almost ethereal quality. She spotted him also as he was waving and yelling and screaming to get her attention. She rowed her boat towards him.

In disbelief, he asked, "Where did you come from? How did you get here?"

She said, "I rowed from the other side of the island. I landed on this island when my cruise ship sank"

"Amazing", he said, "I didn't know anyone else had survived. How many of you are there? Where, did you get the rowboat? You must have been really lucky to have a rowboat wash-up with you?"

"It is only me", she said, "and the rowboat didn't wash

up, nothing else did."

"Well then", said the man, "how did you get the rowboat?" I made the rowboat out of raw material that I found on the island, replied the woman. The oars were whittled from Gum tree branches, I wove the bottom from Palm branches, and the sides and stern came from a Eucalyptus tree. Let's row over to my place, she said." So they both got into the rowboat and left for her side of island.

The woman easily rowed them around to a wharf that led to the approach to her place. She tied up the rowboat with a beautifully woven hemp rope. They walked up a stone walk and around a Palm tree, there stood an exquisite bungalow painted in blue and white.

"It's not much, she said, but I call it home. Sit down please, would you like to have a drink?"

"No, said the man, one more coconut juice and I will puke." "It won't be coconut juice, the woman replied, I have a still, how about a Pina Colada? Trying to hide his continued amazement, the man accepted, and they sat down on her couch to talk.

"You look great, said the woman, I think I will go up and slip into something more comfortable." So she did.

And, the man continued to sip his Pina Colada. After a short time, the woman returned wearing fig leaves strategically positioned and smelling faintly of gardenia.

"Tell me, she asked, we have both been out here for a very long time with no companionship. You know what I mean. Have you been lonely, is there anything that you really miss? Something that all men and woman need. Something that it would be really nice to have right now."

"Yes there is, the man replied, as he moved closer to the woman while fixing a winsome gaze upon her, "Tell me ... Do you happen to have an Internet connection?"

New evidence that one can still be blinded by science

Three Australian educational institutions were commissioned by the government to discover why the human penis is the shaped the way it is. Melbourne University allocated a budget of \$500,000 for research. After 2 years they concluded that the reason the head of the penis is wider than the shaft is that it fits better, when in situ, so to speak. This would prevent leakage of semen and increase the probability of successful fertilisation.

Monash University spent \$750,000 on a research programme that lasted 3 years. The results showed that the penis widened near the tip because it maximised the number of nerve endings stimulated during sex. This would lead to increased sensitivity and a better chance of impregnation.

Finally, the Australian National University spent \$10 on a copy of Playboy and 10 minutes in the staff toilet, only to discover that the penis widens at the tip in order to prevent your hand from slipping off the end.

caption competition

last month's entry

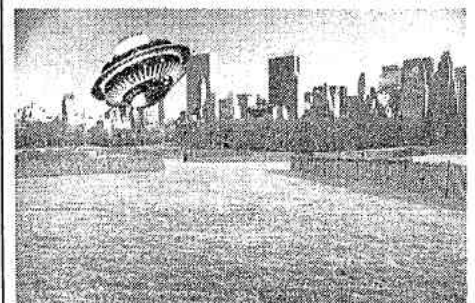


"The Vanstone kids help Mum formulate Liberal Higher Education Policy"
caption by Liam White

Could this mysterious looking person be the reincarnation of Ghengis Kahn? Maybe a baby photo of Amanda Vanstone. We'll let you decide. For your chance to win free ticket to the gig of your choice at the Uni Bar, simply provide a caption for this photo.



UFO's Buzz University Games



This amazing photo shows that aliens do really exist and have been seen buzzing the University Games. Either that or this is a photo of someone's frisbee.

“Horoscope’s for all, not just drug-fucked hippies!”

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 - Feb.19)

You have an inventive mind and are inclined to be progressive. You lie a great deal. On the other hand, you are inclined to be careless and impractical, causing you to make the same mistake over and over again. Most people think you are stupid.

PISCES (Feb. 20 - Mar. 20)

You have a vivid imagination and often think you are being followed by the C.I.A. or F.B.I. You have a minor influence over associates and people resent you for your flaunting of your power. You lack confidence and are generally a coward. Pisces people do terrible things to small animals.

ARIES (Mar. 21 - Apr. 19)

You are the pioneer type and hold most people in contempt. You are quick tempered, impatient, and scornful of advice. You are not very nice.

TAURUS (Apr. 20 - May 20)

You are practical and persistent. You have a dogged determination and work like hell. Most people think you are stubborn and bull-headed. Taurus people have B.O. and fart a lot.

GEMINI (May 21 - June 20)

You are a quick and intelligent thinker. People lie to you because you are bisexual. However, you are inclined to expect too much for too little. This means you are cheap. Geminis are known for committing incest.

CANCER (June 21 - July 22)

You are sympathetic and understanding to other people’s problems. They think you are a sucker. You are always putting things off. That’s why you will never make anything of yourself. Most welfare recipients are Cancer people.

LEO (July 23 - Aug. 22)

You consider yourself a born leader. Others think you are pushy. Most Leo people are bullies. You are vain and dislike honest criticism. Your arrogance is disgusting. Leo people are thieves.

VIRGO (Aug. 23 - Sept. 22)

You are the logical type and hate disorder. This nit-picking is sickening to your friends. You are cold and unemotional and sometimes fall asleep while making love. Virgos are good bus drivers.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 - Oct. 22)

You are the artistic type and have a difficult time with reality. If you are a man, you are most likely queer. Chances for employment and monetary gains are excellent. Most Libra women are good prostitutes. All Libras have venereal disease.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23 - Nov. 21)

You are shrewd in business and cannot be trusted. You will achieve the pinnacle of success because of your total lack of ethics. Most Scorpio people are murdered.

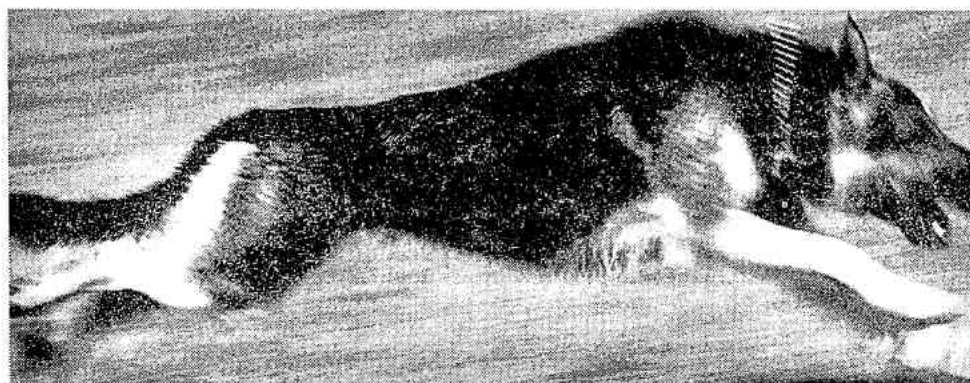
SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 - Dec. 21)

You are optimistic and enthusiastic. You have a reckless tendency to rely on luck since you lack talent. The majority of Sagittarians are drunks or dope fiends. People laugh at you a great deal.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 - Jan. 19)

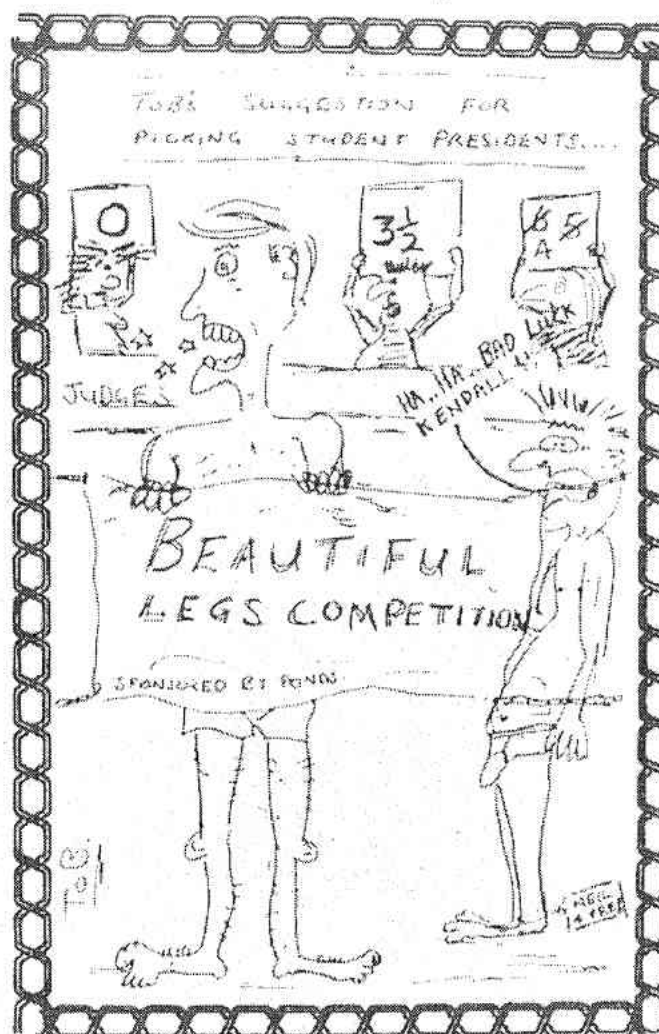
You are conservative and afraid of taking risks. You don’t do much of anything and are lazy. There has never been a Capricorn of importance. Capricorns should avoid standing too long as a dog might think you are a tree and piss on you.

Dead Pet of the Week



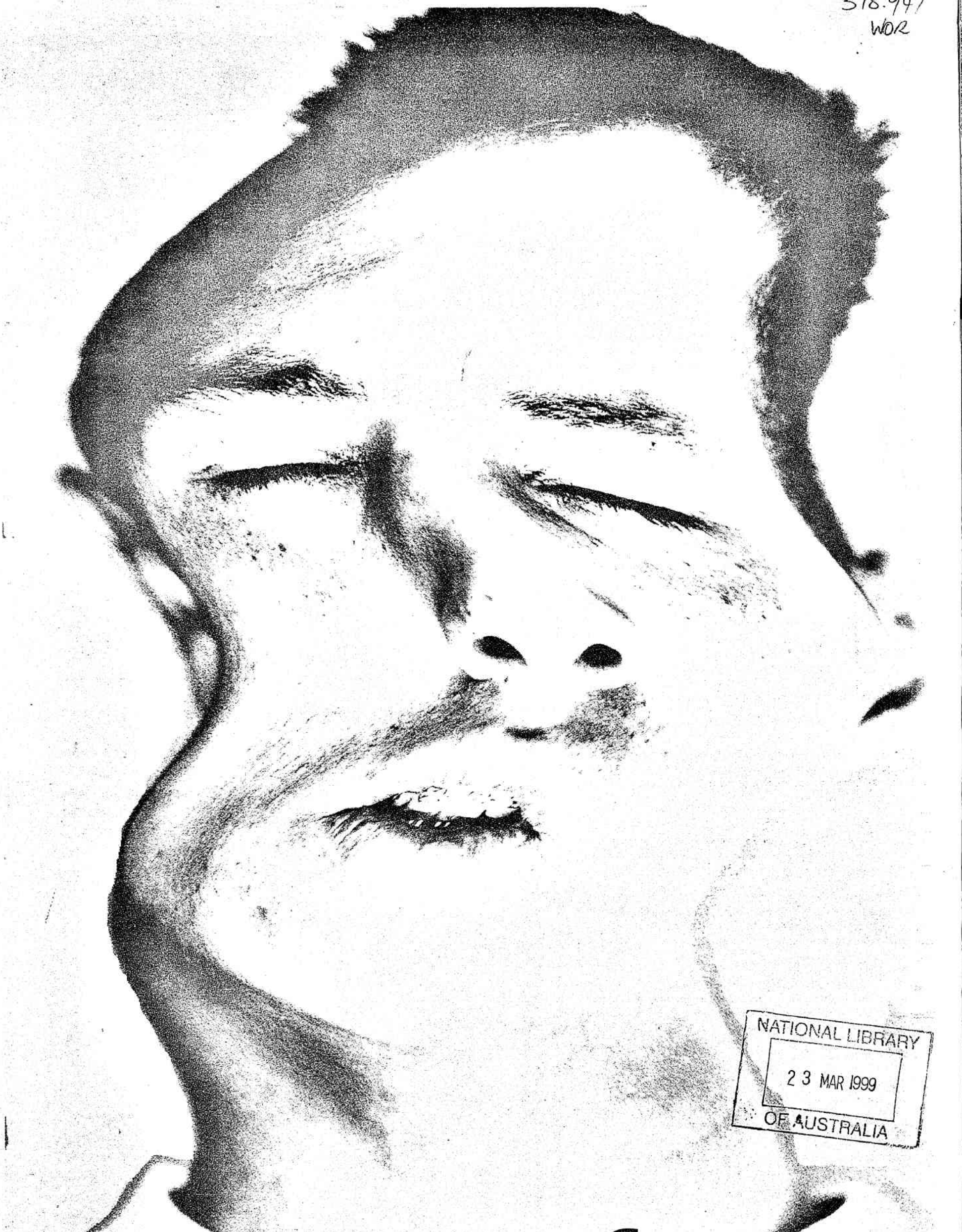
This is Fritz, a recently passed away member of the LAPD. Fritz’s job was to sniff out drugs in some of the biggest narcotics operations in US drug enforcement history. Unfortunately, Fritz developed a habit of sniffing too much of the cocaine he was finding. This poor dog developed a \$600 a week habit in no time at all. Police initially tried to satisfy the dog’s habit by giving him some of the evidence that would turn up in raids. They eventually got tired of criminals getting off because their dog had inhaled all the proof. So they shot him.

old and decrepit.... 1986



In light of our recent shafting by certain members of the electoral invaders, this old and decrepit article from 1986 offers an infinitely preferable and more practical manner of electing our president-to-be. It would certainly attract more voters to the ballot box

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are we having **fun** yet?